

# ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

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*Travels in the Interior of Brazil, particularly in the Gold and Diamond Districts of that Country, by authority of the Prince Regent of Portugal; including a voyage to the Rio de la Plata, and an historical sketch of the Revolution of Buenos Ayres. Illustrated with engravings. By John Mawe, author of "The Mineralogy of Derbyshire." 4to. pp. 366. 1812.*

[From the Monthly Review.]

ALMOST all narratives of travels are interesting, either as conveying amusement to the general reader, or as affording instruction to the man of science and the philosopher. In course, their interest will vary with the novelty or the importance of the district described, and with the intelligence and the enterprise of the traveller; but temporary circumstances often confer additional zest on the pursuit after information respecting particular regions. The country of Brazil may be said to possess at present a share of this contingent importance, in aid of its own natural recommendations as an object of curiosity, and of the consideration that the knowledge which we have hitherto gained of its interior is very imperfect. We are glad, therefore, to announce the volume before us, which in some respects

prefers but modest claims to distinction, but which in others, may be said to have sterling merit. It is the production of a traveller who neither lays claim to learning, nor boasts of intimacy with the great, but who went abroad for objects of personal utility, and gives the result of his observations in plain and unadorned language. In the year 1804, Mr. Mawe sailed from Spain to the Rio de la Plata, on a commercial speculation: but his ship and cargo were seized at Monte Video, in consequence, partly, of that antipathy which our recent capture of the Spanish frigates had excited against the name of Englishmen, and partly, through the treachery of certain individuals, who were interested in the confiscation. He was restored to liberty on the taking of Monte Video by Sir Samuel Auchmuty; and, sometime afterward, he was enabled to proceed to Brazil with an introduction to the Portuguese ministry from the Portuguese ambassador in London. This introduction intimated that Mr. Mawe was attached to mineralogical pursuits, and was desirous of exploring the ample field for investigation which was afforded by the interior of Brazil. He delivered his letters of credence at a moment in which an Englishman could scarcely fail to obtain any reasonable request; viz. on the arrival of the court of Portugal in their western capital, under the protection of a British squadron. Mr. M. had accordingly the satisfaction of receiving recommendations to the public functionaries in the inland-stations, with an order for escorts through those districts in which they were necessary. He was thus the first Englishman, perhaps the first foreigner, who visited the interior of Brazil with the sanction of government.

The course of Mr. Mawe's peregrinations would have been rendered considerably clearer by a map on a larger scale than that which he has given; and this defect is the more to be regretted from our unacquaintance with the inland geography of Brazil. To afford our readers an idea of the direction of the author's inland expeditions, it may be well to fix the attention on the situation of Rio de Janeiro in lat  $22^{\circ} 54''$ , and to divide his travelling into three journeys; one, above one hundred miles N. E. of Rio, to a place called Canto Gallo; another, more than twice the distance, W. by N. of Rio, to the town of St. Paul's; and a third, considerably longer still, in a direction almost due north, through the country of the gold and diamond mines. These journeys are exclusive of his travels on the Spanish territory from Monte Video to Buenos Ayres; a tract of country which is already familiar to most general readers. We shall, therefore, pass over that part of the book which relates to it, as well as the description of the town of Rio de Janeiro, and direct our observations chiefly to the interior of Brazil. To begin with the manners of the Brazilians: One of the first towns visited by Mr. Mawe was St. Paul's, an in-



land place situated above two hundred miles westward of Rio de Janeiro. This being comparatively an old settlement, the inhabitants consider themselves as not a little superior to their fellow-subjects of the neighbouring towns.

"Our appearance at St. Paul's excited considerable curiosity among all descriptions of people, who seemed by their manner never to have seen Englishmen before. Many of the good citizens invited us to their houses, and sent for their friends to come and look at us. It was gratifying to us to perceive that this general wonder subsided into a more social feeling; we met with civil treatment everywhere, and were frequently invited to dine with the inhabitants. At the public parties and balls of the governor we found both novelty and pleasure; novelty at being much more liberally received than we were in the Spanish settlements, and pleasure at being in much more refined and polished company.

"The dress of the ladies abroad, and especially at church, consists of a garment of black silk, with a long veil of the same material, trimmed with broad lace; in the cooler season, black cassimere or baize. At table they are extremely abstemious; their favourite amusement is dancing, in which they display much vivacity and grace. At balls and other public festivals they generally appear in elegant white dresses, with a profusion of gold chains about their necks, their hair tastefully disposed and fastened with combs. Their conversation, at all times sprightly, seems to derive additional life from music. Indeed, the whole range of their education appears to be confined to superficial accomplishments; they trouble themselves very little with domestic concerns, confiding whatever relates to the inferior departments of the household to the negro or negra cook, and leaving all other matters to the management of servants. Owing to this indifference, they are total strangers to the advantages of that order, neatness, and propriety, which reign in an English family; their time at home is mostly occupied in sewing, embroidery, and lace making. Another circumstance repugnant to delicacy, is, that they have no mantua-makers of their own sex; all articles of female dress here are made by tailors. An almost universal debility prevails among them, which is partly attributable to their abstemious living, but chiefly to want of exercise, and to the frequent warm bathings in which they indulge. They are extremely attentive to every means of improving the delicacy of their persons, perhaps to the injury of their health.

"The men in general, especially those of the higher rank, officers, and others, dress superbly; in company they are very polite and attentive, and show every disposition to oblige; they are great talkers, and prone to conviviality. The lower ranks, compared with those of other colonial towns, are in a very advanced state of civilization.

"We found very little difficulty in accommodating ourselves to the general mode of living at St. Paul's. The bread is pretty good, and the butter tolerable, but rarely used except with coffee for breakfast,

or tea in the evening. A more common breakfast is a very pleasant sort of beans, called feijones, boiled or mixed with mandioca. Dinner, which is usually served up at noon or before, commonly consists of a quantity of greens boiled with a little fat pork or beef, a root of the potato kind, and a stewed fowl, with excellent salad, to which succeeds a great variety of delicious conserves and sweetmeats. Very little wine is taken at meals; the usual beverage is water.

"I may here observe, that neither in St. Paul's, nor in any other place which I visited, did I witness any instance of that levity in the females of Brazil, which some writers allege to be the leading trait in their character."

This detail is the more deserving of attention, because it is, in a great measure, applicable to the state of society in the larger city of Rio de Janeiro. The Portuguese are in general reserved in admitting a foreigner to their family parties: but when he is once received, they treat him with great openness and hospitality. Education is at almost as low an ebb in the capital as in St. Paul's: but several attempts at improvement have recently been made by the Prince Regent, of whom Mr. Mawe is disposed to speak in terms of great personal eulogy, while he admits that at his court most things are managed by intrigue. With regard to agriculture, we can scarcely conceive a country in a more backward state. The Prince Regent's farm, as it is called, is of the size of one of our average counties, and cultivated by fifteen hundred negroes, who are half starved in the midst of the richest resources. The land under culture is covered with weeds, and the coffee plantations are filled with wild shrubs, like a coppice wood. Such is the general condition of Portuguese Brazil, with partial exceptions in the neighbourhood of large towns. No soil can be more favourable to the growth of maize, beans, peas, and every species of pulse. Poultry are abundant and low-priced; and the cattle, notwithstanding continued neglect, are tolerably good, and sell on an average at 30s. each. The horses are very fine: but it is the custom of the country to prefer mules as beasts of burden. Goats of a large breed are sometimes found: but sheep are totally neglected, and mutton is rarely eaten. The diet of the inland settlers deserves to be mentioned: it consists generally of kidney-beans boiled and mixed with the flour of maize, for breakfast; for dinner, the same, boiled with pork; and for supper, boiled vegetables. Stewed fowls form likewise a variety at dinner; and fruits, particularly bananas and oranges, are used in great abundance.

"The half civilized Aborigines reside in the woods, in a most miserable condition; their dwellings, some of which I saw, are formed of



boughs of trees, bent so as to hold a thatch or tiling of palm leaves; their beds are made of dry grass. Having little idea of planting or tillage, they depend for subsistence almost entirely on their bows and arrows, and on the roots and wild fruits which they casually find in the woods. A chief brought about fifty of these Indians to pay me a visit. The dress of the men consisted of a waistcoat and a pair of drawers; that of the women, of a chemise and petticoat, with a handkerchief tied round the head after the fashion of the Portuguese females. They bore the general characteristics of their race, the copper-coloured skin, short and round visage, broad nose, lank black hair, and regular stature, inclining to the short and broad set. Being desirous to see a proof of their skill and precision in shooting, of which I had heard much, I placed an orange at thirty yards distance, which was pierced by an arrow from every one who drew his bow at it. I next pointed out a banana tree, about eight inches in circumference, at a distance of forty yards; not a single arrow missed its aim, though they all shot at an elevated range. Interested by these proofs of their archery, I went with some of them into a wood to see them shoot at birds; though there were very few they discovered them far more quickly than I could; and, cautiously creeping along until they were within bow-shot, never failed to bring down their game. The stillness and expedition with which they penetrated the thickets, and passed through the brush-wood, were truly surprising. Their bows are made of the tough fibrous wood of the Iri, six or seven feet long, and very stout; their arrows are full six feet long, and near an inch in diameter, pointed with a piece of cane cut to a feather edge, or with a bone, but of late more frequently with iron. They are loathsome in their persons, and in their habits but one remove from the anthropophagi; for they will devour almost any animal in the coarsest manner; for instance, a bird unplucked, half roasted, with the entrails remaining. Ere they departed, I saw an instance of that dangerous excess to which the passions of savages are liable when once excited; for, on presenting a few bottles of liquor there was a general strife for them, and the person, man or woman, who first obtained one, would have drank the whole of its contents, had it not been forcibly taken away. It is very unsafe to give them ardent spirits, for when intoxicated it is necessary to confine them. If preference is given to one, the rest are insolent and unruly until they obtain the same marks of favour. They are not of a shy or morose character, but have a great aversion to labour, and cannot be brought to submit to any regular employment. Rarely is an Indian to be found serving as a domestic, or working for hire, and to this circumstance may be ascribed the low state of agriculture in the district; for as the farmers, when they begin the world, have seldom funds sufficient to purchase negroes at Rio, their operations are for a long time very confined, and frequently languish for want of hands."

The mode of travelling in this country is nearly on a level with the manners of its inhabitants. Beds are an indispensable part of a traveller's equipage, and candles are scarcely less requisite, un-

less he be prepared to sit down contented with the cheerless gloom of a solitary lamp. As to snuffers, they are seldom seen, except as a curiosity. What else can be expected in a country which is cultivated only in small and distant spots? Here are no enclosures, no artificial grasses, no provision of fodder against the season of scarcity. The want of suitable buildings makes the settler frequently throw into promiscuous heaps products of a totally different nature; cotton, coffee, maize and beans, being frequently piled under the same shed. Their dairies, if such they may be called, are managed in a very slovenly manner; the little butter which they make becoming rancid in a few days. Pigs, which form the principal animal food of the inhabitants, are nourished on Indian corn in a crude state. Of this grain the average return is not less than two hundred for one, and it ripens in the course of four or five months. The *mandioca* is seldom ready to take up in less than eighteen or twenty months; by which time it produces, on a suitable soil, from six to twelve pounds weight per plant. To make it serve as a substitute for bread, little preparation is required, as it will keep a long time, and affords rich nourishment.

Abundant as are the gifts of nature in this favoured soil and climate, a striking contrast is afforded, at almost every step, by the state of artificial accommodations. The farm houses are miserable hovels, of a single story in height; the floor is neither paved nor boarded; and the walls and partitions are formed of wicker work, plastered with mud. The kitchen is generally a dirty apartment, having, on one side, pools of slop-water, and, on the other, fireplaces rudely formed by three round stones put together in such a way as to hold the earthen pots used for boiling meat. Where they have no chimney, which is often the case, the smoke can find an issue only through the doors and other apertures. He who travels through Brazil must, therefore, be contented to look for his chief gratification from external objects.

From a region thus newly settled and thinly peopled, our countrymen, had they been well informed, would not have expected an extensive consumption of British manufactures. Yet, after the emigration of the royal family from Lisbon, our merchants poured in cargo on cargo, as if the market of Brazil knew no limits. Never was the exaggerated estimate, which we are apt to form of distant objects, more surprisingly exemplified. The civilized population of Brazil, which is fitted to use and able to pay for European goods, may amount to half a million, and the warehouses of Rio de Janeiro are adapted to the limited supply which they require: but our vessels succeeded each other with a rapidity which surpassed the means of accommodation both in the town and the custom-house, and made it necessary to pile our goods



along the beach. Prices fell forthwith one hundred per cent.; and the deceitful practice of selling goods, apparently damaged, on the account of the insurer, was often adopted. This fraud, so much dreaded at Lloyd's, and so little comprehended by persons out of business, becomes practicable to a great extent in a town which possesses few respectable merchants. The insurer being, by the terms of his contract, bound to make good all loss arising from damage, a fraudulent merchant can often, in the case of an unfavourable market, ascribe to damage the diminished price which was in fact produced by a very different cause. The safety of the underwriter consists chiefly in the respectability of the gentlemen who are called to examine the ostensible damage; and hence the disadvantage under which he labours in a country that is not likely to afford witnesses of undoubted character.

The immense loss on our shipments to Brazil arose from a double cause: the ridiculous excess of quantity, and the still more ridiculous unfitness of many of the articles for the intended market:

“One speculator, of wonderful foresight, sent large invoices of stays for ladies who never heard of such armour; another sent skates, for the use of a people who are totally uninformed that water can become ice; a third sent out a considerable assortment of the most elegant coffin furniture, not knowing that coffins are never used by the Brazilians, or in the Plata. To these absurd speculations may be added numerous others, particularly in articles of taste: elegant services of cut glass were little appreciated by men accustomed to drink out of a horn or a cocoa-nut shell; and brilliant chandeliers were still less valued in a country where only lamps that afforded a gloomy light were used. Superfine woollen cloths were equally ill suited to the market; no one thought them sufficiently strong. An immense quantity of high priced saddles, and thousands of whips, were sent out to a people as incapable of adopting them as they were of knowing their convenience. They were astonished to see Englishmen ride on such saddles; nor could they imagine any thing more insecure. Of the bridles scarcely any use could be made, as the bit was not calculated to keep the horse or mule in subordination: these articles were of course sacrificed. Great quantities of the nails and ironmongery were useless, as they were not calculated for the general purposes of the people. Large cargoes of Manchester goods were sent; and, in a few months, more arrived than had been consumed in the course of twenty years preceding. No discrimination was used in the assortment of these articles, with respect either to quality or fineness, so that common prints were disposed of at less than a shilling a yard, and frequently in barter. Fish from Newfoundland met with a similar fate; also porter, large quantities of which, in barrels, arrived among a people, of whom a few only had tasted that article as a luxury. How the shippers in London, and

other British ports, could imagine that porter would at once become a general beverage, it is difficult to conceive, especially when sent in barrels. These cargoes, being unsaleable, were of course warehoused, and of course spoiled. Many invoices of fancy goods, and such as do not constitute a staple trade, were sold at from sixty to seventy per cent. under costs and charges, and others were totally lost. What must have been the delusions of those traders who sent out tools, formed with a hatchet on one side and a hammer on the other, for the convenience of breaking the rocks, and cutting the precious metals from them, as if they imagined that a man had only to go into the mountains, and cut as much gold as would pay for the articles he wanted!"

This evil led to another of equal magnitude: a ruinous loss by the Brazil produce received in barter. The young men, who were sent out in such numbers from England as supercargoes, found themselves placed in a new sphere, and were obliged to take goods in return, of the quality of which they were unfitted to judge. Hides and Brazil-wood are principal articles of export from this part of the world: but, with regard to hides the English purchaser was ill qualified to discern the injury received in the drying; and as to wood, he learned when too late, that the kind growing around Rio de Janeiro is greatly inferior to that of Pernambuco, on which the favourable character of Brazil wood has been founded. Other objects of speculation proved still more unfavourable:

"Precious stones appeared to offer the most abundant source of riches; the general calculation was made upon the price at which they sold in London; but every trader brought them, more or less, at the price at which they were offered; invoices of goods were bartered for some, which in London would sell for, comparatively, a trifle, as they were taken without discrimination as to quality or perfection; tourmalines were sold for emeralds, crystals for topazes, and both common stones and vitreous paste have been bought as diamonds to a considerable amount. Both gold and diamonds were well known to be produced in Brazil; and their being by law contraband, was a sufficient temptation to eager speculators who had never before seen either in their native state. False diamonds were weighed with scrupulousness, and bought with avidity, to sell by the rules stated by Jefferies. Gold dust, as it is commonly called, appeared in no inconsiderable quantity, and, after being weighed with equal exactness, was bought or bartered for. But previous to this many samples underwent the following easy and ingenious process: The brass pans purchased of the English were filed, and mixed with the gold in the proportion of from five to ten per cent. according to the opinion which the seller formed of the sagacity of the person with whom he had to deal: and thus, by a simple contrivance, some of our countrymen repurchased at three or four guineas per ounce the very article which they had before sold at 2s. 6d. per pound."



Amid this scene of folly and misfortune, numerous litigations could not fail to arise; and it is a consolation to reflect that, as far as the interference of the Portuguese governor and the British ambassador could go, the evil was prevented from expanding in its course. A judge of great respectability was appointed for the determination of all cases concerning the English; and the latter, in consideration of being strangers, were allowed certain privileges, similar to those of the nobility of Portugal. They were permitted to claim the occupancy of such houses as could be spared, exempted from rise of rent, and indulged with long delay in cases of embarrassment in their affairs. Hence arose a current saying among the Portuguese, "that to live comfortably in Brazil it was necessary to become an Englishman."—So great was the overstock of British goods, and such the miserable fall in their value, that, 'for *one fourth part* of the quantity sent to Brazil, we should have obtained an equal return by keeping the market at a fair and steady rate.' A recurrence of this evil may be prevented by carefully attending to the articles which are adapted to the consumption of the country, and which may be thus enumerated: hard-ware, low-priced cotton goods, hats, boots, shoes, earthen-ware, glass, cheap furniture, shot, drugs, fancy articles, common woollen cloths, and salt either from Liverpool or the Cape de Verd islands. A time will arrive, and is probably fast approaching, when the intercourse of Rio de Janeiro with India will be greatly increased: it may become a kind of half-way station between Europe and Asia: and if Brazil on the one hand be freed from the colonial restrictions of the Portuguese, while India on the other is laid open to the enterprise of British merchants, we may safely conclude that the extension of trade would proceed with great rapidity.

Having thus adverted to the state of agriculture and of foreign trade in Brazil, we come next to a description of a branch of industry almost peculiar to that country, viz. the manner of working, or rather of washing, the gold mines. The soil containing particles of this treasure is generally a loose, gravel-like stratum, incumbent on granite. This ground is cut into steps twenty and thirty feet in length, two or three feet broad, and about one foot deep. At the bottom of what we might term a flight of such steps, a trench is cut to the depth of two or three feet: water is then let in from higher ground, and on each step are placed six or seven negroes, who, as the water flows gently down, keep the earth continually in motion with shovels. Amid the soil thus stirred and carried down as mud to the lower trench, the particles of gold descend, and are, by their weight, precipitated to the bottom. This operation continues for several days, workmen being in the meanwhile employed at the trench to re-

move the stones which are carried into it by the waters. The next step is to subject to a second clearance the matter that is precipitated into the trench. For this purpose, negroes provide wooden bowls shaped like a funnel, about two feet wide at the mouth, and five or six inches deep. Each workman takes into his bowl five or six pounds weight of sediment, and, standing in the stream, admits a certain quantity of water; which he stirs about, so that the precious metal, separating from the inferior and lighter substances, settles in the bottom and sides of the bowl. They next rinse the bowl in a larger vessel of clear water, in which they leave the gold, and begin again, each operation being performed in six or eight minutes. The particles of gold produced vary greatly both in number and size, some being hardly discernible to the eye, while others are as large as pease. The value at stake in this operation is such as to render it expedient that the negroes should be superintended by overseers.—The shining appearance of the refuse of old washings, lying in numberless heaps, at first dazzled Mr. Mawe's imagination, and made him fancy that they contained some of the finest mineral products: but it was in vain that he and some labourers, whom he had engaged, toiled for three days in the search: nothing had escaped the vigilant eye of the negroes.

Another mode of separating gold from the soil is called canoe-washing. The canoes are thus made: two planks, twelve or fifteen feet in length, are laid on the ground, forming a gentle slope, and then at a fall of six inches, two other planks are fixed in a similar direction. On their sides are boards placed edgewise, and staked down to the ground, so as to form long shallow troughs, the bottoms of which are covered with hides tanned to a certain degree, but retaining the hairs. The water containing the lighter particles of gold being conveyed down these troughs, the gold sinks, and remains entangled in the hair. Every half hour the hides are taken up, stretched over a tank, and beaten repeatedly, so as to discharge all the gold into the tank. At night the tanks are locked up, and the sediment taken from them is carefully washed away by the hands.

Curious as these operations are, they sink into insignificance when compared with the bold manœuvre of diverting a river from its channel, for the purpose of searching its bed. This process takes place at the river Jigitonhonha, which flows through what is called the "diamond district;" a tract of country lying around the town of Tejuco, situated several hundred miles inland, north of Rio de Janeiro. At a spot called Mandanga, this river, formed by the junction of a number of streams in the diamond district, is as wide as the Thames at Windsor, and varies in depth from three to nine feet. The current is diverted into a canal cut across



a tongue of land round which the river winds, the water being arrested in its course at the head of the canal by an embankment formed of several thousand bags of sand. The channel being thus laid open, the water remaining in its pits is exhausted by machinery; a removal which is followed by carrying off the mud and digging up the *cascalhao*, or stratum, containing particles of gold. As the river admits of these labours during the dry season only, the miners calculate on gaining as much of the stratum as will give them occupation in the farther processes during the rainy months. Having laid the stratum in heaps of ten or twelve tons, they bring, by means of an aqueduct, a stream of water, and proceed to wash the heaps for diamonds in the following manner. They erect a long shed, consisting of upright posts supporting a roof thatched with long grass, to protect the workmen from the sun. Under this shed is placed a flooring of planks, divided into twenty compartments, or troughs. In each trough a negro stations himself, rakes into it a quantity of *cascalhao*, and admits water, more or less, into the trough. After the water has flowed through the trough for a quarter of an hour, it becomes clearer, having washed away the mud. The negro then throws away the stones remaining in the trough, and proceeds to examine the stratum with great care for diamonds. All this takes place under the eye of overseers; and when a negro finds a diamond, he rises upright, claps his hands, and delivers the gem to the overseers. The negro who is so fortunate as to discover a diamond weighing 17 1-2 carats is crowned with a wreath of flowers, and receives his freedom: but, if any one be detected in smuggling a diamond, he is chastised and imprisoned. They work about ten hours daily, generally in a stooping posture. At intervals they pause and take rest; when snuff, of which they are very fond, is handed about among them.—The approach to the diamond district is very scrupulously guarded by order of the Portuguese government.

With regard to the stratum already mentioned, the substances which are considered as indications of diamonds are bright bean-like iron ore; a slaty flint-like matter; black oxyde of iron; rounded bits of blue quartz; yellow crystal; and other materials entirely different from the soil of the mountains adjacent to this district. Diamonds are not peculiar to the beds of rivers, nor to deep ravines; they have been found in cavities, and in water-courses, on the summit of very high grounds. The flat tracts on each side of the river Jigitonbonha appeared to be equally rich throughout their extent; which enables the officers to calculate the value of an unexplored spot by a comparison with others which they have previously analyzed. "That piece of ground," said the intendant, (pointing to a flat by the side of the

river,) "will yield ten thousand carats of diamonds, whenever we shall be required to get them in the regular course of working, or when, on any particular occasion, there arrives a government order demanding an extraordinary and immediate supply." This river, and other streams in its vicinity, have been in a course of washing for many years, and have produced great quantities of diamonds; which differ very much in size, some being so small that eighteen or twenty are required to the carat; and at other times stones being found which weigh from seventeen to twenty carats each. In the course of years, the present district must be exhausted: but other grounds, not far off, may be considered as a source of supply. The following anecdote shows the vigilance with which smuggling is watched:

"A carrier, going to Rio de Janeiro with some loaded mules, was overtaken by two cavalry soldiers, who ordered him to surrender his fowling-piece; which being done, they bored the butt-end with a gimlet, and finding it hollow, took off the iron from the end, where they found a cavity, containing about three hundred carats of diamonds, which they immediately seized. The man was hurried away, and thrown into prison at Tejuco, where I afterwards saw him. The diamonds were confiscated, and the soldiers received half their value. The fate of this man is a dreadful instance of the rigour of the existing laws: he will forfeit all his property, and be confined, probably, for the remainder of his days in a loathsome prison, among felons and murderers.—Doubtless, the poor fellow owed his misfortune to some secret villain, in the shape of a confidential friend, who, having learned his mode of carrying diamonds concealed, had, for the sake of a paltry premium, or from some mean-spirited motive, given notice of it to government!"

In the diamond district, which, from its name, seems to convey the idea of opulence, unfortunately more paupers are found than in any other. This circumstance is owing to the neglect of agriculture; a neglect that is common to almost all quarters in which gold-washings are practised. One pleasing exception was found by Mr. Mawe in travelling through a remote part:

"I was received into a very respectable house, which had the appearance of former opulence. The owner, Captain Bom Jarden, a venerable old gentleman, came to welcome me: on entering into conversation, he informed me that he had emigrated hither from Oporto at the age of seventeen, and had lived here sixty-two years. He was tempted to settle here by the hope of participating in the rich treasures for which the country was then famed; but he arrived two or three years too late: the mines were already on the decline, and he was obliged to turn his attention to agricultural pursuits, in which he persevered with such success that he was enabled to realize a com-



fortable independency, and to bring up a numerous family in credit and respectability. It had been well if his neighbours had profited by so eminent an example, instead of deserting the country when the gold on its surface disappeared."

In these sequestered spots, the chief beast of prey is the ounce, which is commonly hunted with dogs.

"When the carcass of a worried animal has been found, or when an ounce has been seen prowling about, the news is soon proclaimed among the neighbours, two or three of whom take fire-arms loaded with heavy slugs, and go out with the dogs in quest of the animal, who generally lurks in some thicket, near the carcass he has killed, and leaves so strong a scent, that the dogs soon find. When disturbed he retreats to his den, if he has one, the dogs never attempting to fasten on him, or even to face him, but, on the contrary, endeavouring to get out of his way, which is not difficult, as the ounce is heavy and slow of motion. If he caves, the sport is at an end, and the hunters make up the entrance; but he more commonly has recourse to a large tree, which he climbs with great facility; here his fate is generally decided, for the hunters get near enough to take a steady aim, and seldom fail to bring him down, one of them reserving his fire to despatch him, if required, after he has fallen. It generally happens, that one or two of the dogs are killed in coming too near, for even in his dying struggles, a single stroke of his paw proves mortal. The skin is carried home as a trophy, and the neighbours meet and congratulate each other on the occasion."

If in this country we find room for almost annual improvements in machinery, we may safely take it for granted that the want of suitable implements causes the waste of much labour in the mines of Brazil. In many parts, neither carts nor wheel-barrows are in use; and the most cumbrous materials are carried on the heads of poor negroes, who have often to climb ascents on which inclined planes might be employed to great advantage. The best plan that the Portuguese could follow would be to encourage societies of arts, and to distribute models of useful machinery. Together with this object, the improvement of agriculture, of pasturage, and the care of the health of negroes, are of great importance; and an attention to such points as these would lead to a much more permanent kind of wealth than that which is derived from the excavation of mines. The precarious nature of the latter is strikingly exemplified in the town called Villa Rica, situated half way between Rio de Janeiro and the diamond-district. It is the capital of the province of Minas Geraes, and was long reputed the richest town in Brazil. Now, however, it exhibits many melancholy tokens of departed wealth, the houses being partly untenanted, and

the rents of those which are occupied being in a course of almost annual diminution. Such was at one time the produce of the neighbouring mines, that between 1730 and 1750, the king's fifth is said, during some years, to have amounted to half a million sterling. Since the decay of these mines, the inhabitants remain in a great measure in idleness, neglecting the cultivation of the fine country around, which would amply compensate the loss of metallic treasures. The credulity with which reports of new mines are circulated is surprising, and once occasioned Mr. Mawe a long and fatiguing journey. It is not uncommon for persons who wish to sell an estate, to resort to the expedient of mixing filings with the earth, and, after the process of washing, to produce them as samples, with the view of enhancing the value of the land. The prevalence of the passion for mining operates to delude the lower orders with the prospect of speedy wealth, and to create in them a disgust for regular labour: yet, if they would be taught by experience, they might observe that those of their countrymen who devote themselves to mining are in general ill clothed and ill fed; while the followers of agriculture are comparatively strangers to the want of comfort.

We conclude our extracts by a passage containing an account of the author's escape, at Cadiz, in the summer of 1804, from an attack of the dreadful contagion which most persons are agreed in considering to have been the plague.

"The effects of this awful scourge were visible in every social circle; almost in every family; and perhaps the despondency caused by witnessing them contributed to extend its fatal sway. I still shudder to remember, that of a party of strangers amounting to five, (myself included,) who took coffee together one saturday evening in perfect health, I, on monday-week following, was the sole survivor. The progress of the disorder was so rapid, that three of them died on the fourth day.

"The first symptoms I felt were extreme lassitude, heaviness, and tremor, accompanied with a considerable degree of fever, which I first observed while on my way to dine with a friend. I returned to my lodgings and took a grain of calomel, as had been my daily custom for some time. This precaution had been suggested to me by a skilful chemist in London, who furnished me with a quantity of that medicine, to be regularly taken whenever I was exposed to contagion of any kind. Believing, however, that my complaint was only a bad cold, I took some tea and retired to bed, but passed a restless night. In the morning while at breakfast, among the Spanish family with whom I lodged, my appearance, and aversion to food, excited the apprehensions of the lady of the house, a humane and (to use an expressive family phrase) a *motherly* woman, who assured me that I had the plague. Unwilling to believe her, though continually growing worse,



I increased my dose of calomel and took tea very copiously. In the afternoon of the day following I wrote to the worthy Mr. Duff, the consul-general, requesting him to send Dr. Fife, an English physician, who, on visiting me, confirmed what my hostess had said, adding, however, that the symptoms were favourable. He prescribed no medicines, but ordered me to take tamarinds and hot mint tea at intervals in large quantities. After a third restless night, I found my pulse was above 130, and the fourth day brought the crisis of my disorder. At night I was suddenly seized with extreme sickness, which lasted the longer, by reason of the great quantities of liquid I had taken; a profuse perspiration ensued, and did not abate until I was reduced from a robust habit of body to a state of extreme meagerness and debility. I now recovered rapidly, and in six days was enabled to visit my friends. Dr. Fife assured me that the favourable turn of my illness was owing to the calomel I had previously taken; and added, that if I had doubled the dose on the first appearance of the symptoms, there would, probably, have been no occasion for his attendance."

In estimating the merits of this work as a literary composition, we find no pretensions to reputation on the score of philosophical or historical reflection. Here are no attempts at general views, except in a few instances, when they are confined to the objects of the author's personal observation—trade, agriculture, and mineralogy, especially the last. The chief part of the volume is a plain narrative of local and individual occurrences; of the journey through a particular tract; of the situation of a certain town or village; and of the cultivation of a certain district or province. Though composed with care, and free from that repetition which we have so often occasion to censure, it might have been better had many of the humbler details been omitted or abridged. Mr. Mawe, as well as other writers of less modesty, has yet to learn how much may be gained by a discriminating selection of interesting circumstances; and by making a book consist of them, instead of aiming to incorporate with them a multiplicity of subordinate observations.

*A Critical Examination of the Writings of Richard Cumberland, Esq. with an occasional literary Inquiry into the Age in which he lived, and the Contemporaries with whom he flourished. Also Memoirs of his Life, and an Appendix, containing Twenty-six original Letters, relating to a Transaction not mentioned in his Memoirs. A new and improved Edition. By William Mudford, 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. 670.*

(From the Monthly Review.)

AT the sale of the library of an eminent scholar of the last age, a book was put up by the auctioneer with this puff, that it contained the doctor's manuscript-notes. Thus recommended, it obtained a high price; but, when the happy purchaser took home his lot, the only note which it contained was in these words—"This book is not worth reading." After having patiently proceeded through the present minute and elaborate examination of the numerous writings of Mr. Cumberland, within a page or two of the end we meet with a note by Mr. Mudford which is very similar in its purport to the above, and which ought to have saved him and the reader much trouble. In reference to the works of Cumberland which he has been so critically analyzing, he observes that "a very small portion of them will be required by posterity." What is the amount of this confession? It is a declaration that he had been wasting his talents in discussing the merits of writings which will never be sought.—Cumberland was a very voluminous author; as a play-wright "breeding every season," and in some seasons more than once: but it was not necessary that his biographer and critical examiner should now enter into a full discussion of the qualities of *all* his dramas, and dissect the several characters which they contain. After the public has been long apprised of the nature of an author's productions, and has decided on the life of some and the death of others, no good purpose seems likely to be answered by making the dead men pass a second time through the fire.

If we advert to these volumes as containing Memoirs of Cumberland's life, it is singular that Mr. M. should allege, as he does at p. 256., "his avowed purpose and design to be to produce an *original* work," when his narrative treads in the steps of the very Memoir which the deceased author had given of himself. Indeed, so largely had Mr. M. borrowed from the book on which his own is founded, that (as we are told in the second preface) "the publishers of Mr. Cumberland's *Memoirs* conceived that the extracts which he had selected from them had a tendency to diminish the



value of their property, and obtained therefore an injunction restraining the sale of this work :” an injunction which has obliged Mr. M., in the *new and improved* edition, to cut out long passages which he had borrowed from the *Memoirs of Cumberland* written by himself, and very dextrously to fill up the places thus made vacant by rehearsing the substance of the expunged extract, and by subjoining opposite observations ; so that the paging of the second edition exactly corresponds with that of the first, and the index at the end is adapted alike to both.

For undertaking a new life of Cumberland, perhaps little apology would be required from Mr. Mudford. He who sits down to compile memoirs of himself may be better acquainted with the subject of his book than any body else : but it is not very probable that he will tell all that he knows ; and it may be fairly suspected, without a violation of candour, that judgment will at times be blinded by self-love. Different motives may be assigned for the same action, and a different colouring given to the same train of facts. It is manifest from the letters published in the appendix to this edition, that Mr. Cumberland did not reveal all the material transactions of his life ; and that his ministerial patrons are not chargeable with *all* that neglect of him of which he so bitterly complains in his *Memoirs*. His case of the Spanish mission, as told by himself, appears hard in the extreme, and a mystery is thrown over the affair which it is now difficult to unravel. The perplexing circumstance is not only that the king of Spain, to whose court Cumberland was sent, should offer to pay him his expenses, and that our court should withhold them : but that the king of Spain should make the proposal through his minister, accompanied by the declaration of a belief that these expenses would not be liquidated by the court of which Mr. C. was an accredited agent.\* It would hence appear that Cumberland did not execute his delicate business as a diplomatist to the satisfaction of his employers : but if the ministry refused him the remuneration which he sought on that ground, they had previously allowed him to sell the patent of his office of provost marshal in the province of South Carolina, for a larger sum than he had expended in Spain, though this circumstance is not noticed in the account which he gives of himself. It will be said that his profitable sale of the patent of provost marshal was in 1770, and that his letter of recall from Spain was in 1781 ; and that the advantage obtained in one instance could not be fairly deemed a consideration for his loss in the other : but however the case really stood, it is a fact that not even a memorial to Lord North obtained him any re-

\* The expressions of the Spanish minister's letter to Mr. C. are remarkable : 'I have reason to apprehend you will find yourself abandoned and deceived by your employers.'

dress; and the singular assertion made by the king of Spain through his minister, on Cumberland's taking leave at Madrid, was verified. Will this curious affair be ever elucidated?

The facts which Mr. C. has related of himself afford ground for biographical comment, and may be considered as materials in the hands of a writer who undertakes a more finished representation of him than his own Memoirs afford. 'These,' says Mr. M., 'will always be regarded as an authentic history of his private and public life, as far as he has thought it proper to disclose the particulars of either; and they will always be esteemed for that fund of literary anecdote which they contain, and in the detail of which Cumberland peculiarly excels. A great chasm, however, they must leave in every thing relating to his writings, except the simple statement of their production, or of the events connected with their success or failure: and this chasm it has been my object to fill up in the present work' We must allow that, in the filling up of this chasm, we find much to applaud; and, if Mr. M. had not descended to that minuteness of criticism in noticing many of his hero's inferior performances, to which we have already alluded, we should have been still better pleased. His opinion of Cumberland and of his literary productions is offered with great freedom; and he gives us to understand that, had his conduct as a critic been less unfettered, the proprietors of Mr. Cumberland's works would not have applied for an injunction restraining the sale of the first edition. With this business, however, we have no concern. As little are we interested in the misunderstanding between Sir James Bland Burgess and the author. Mr. Mudford has shown a high spirit, and from the beginning of his work to the end manifests a determination to think and speak for himself. Regarding the incidents of Cumberland's life as so many pegs on which he might hang his remarks, Mr. M. digresses on every occasion into reflections, with the propriety and justice of which we have often been pleased. Blame as well as praise is applied to his hero; and sometimes he artfully contrives to lash other authors over that gentleman's shoulders, of which practice Dr. Drake and Mrs. Inchbald may probably complain.

The work commences with some notice of Mr. Cumberland's literary ancestors, and particularly of Dr. Bentley, his maternal grandfather; and at the end of the first chapter we are directed to what is called a curious coincidence between a passage in one of Bentley's Boyle's Lecture Sermons and some lines in Pope's Essay on Man: but with this coincidence we are not so much impressed as Mr. M. seems to be; and we are surprised that he should object to Mr. Pope's introduction of the fiction of the "music of the spheres." This was allowable in a poet, though



not in a preacher. The beautiful line, so often quoted, "Die of a rose in aromatic pain," has no counterpart in Bentley's prose.

Having dismissed Mr. Cumberland's descent, the biographer comes, in the second chapter, to the professed object of his undertaking, which is 'to write something about him, his works, his associates, and his friends, which he could not have written if he had wished, and which, perhaps, he would not have wished to have written if he could.' Mr. C.'s parental and school education pass in review. The advantages which he drew from having a mother who possessed a cultivated mind are not passed over in silence; and Mr. M. contends for rendering our women so far accomplished that they may be proper companions for sensible husbands, and capable of instructing their children. He is averse to the plan of making 'household cares and domestic management the chief business of a woman's life, to the utter exclusion of all ornamental, of all elegant, and of all useful acquirements.' It is his opinion, also, that the business of the education of youth should be conducted more at home than it is at the present day; and, weighing the advantages and disadvantages of a public education, he decides against it.

"The opportunities thus presented of laying the foundation of intimacies with men capable and likely to advance our fortunes in after life, are among the strongest arguments which the supporters of a public system of education have to advance. They are indeed arguments of great weight and importance; but I fear the instances are fewer than might be hoped where school connexions have ripened into those of manhood; or where the noble playmate has remembered his fellow when the lapse of years has led him to the possession of honours, wealth, and influence. Some cases, no doubt, may be adduced, in opposition to this, proving the ultimate benefit of friendships formed at so early a period of life between boys of elevated and inferior conditions: and I wish, indeed, that they may be numerous, for I am afraid they are the only advantages which can be plausibly urged against the many evils attendant upon public education. The almost certain ruin of the moral character, the contagion of vice, the destruction of that simplicity of manners which is at once the offspring and the defence of virtue, the assumption of rude and boisterous habits which deform the outward man and corrupt his general demeanor, and the gradual relaxation of those ties of kindred by which social life is supported and adorned, are some of the evils to be expected from public education; while they may all be avoided, and every certain benefit secured (for that which may arise from serviceable connexions, is but contingent) by private instruction."

Women, whose natural duties are domestic, need not and ought not to be educated in crowds, or in public seminaries; a situation

which is very likely to make them assured and masculine: but men, who are to go out into the world, and particularly those who are intended for any of the public professions, require more or less of a public education. The present fault seems to consist in their being sent too early to the public seminary, before their minds are sufficiently imbued with those moral and religious principles and habits, on the presence or absence of which depends their destiny. Solomon says, "Train up a child in the way he should go:" but how many children are sent from home to be, in a great measure, their own masters *before they are trained*? What mere boys go to our public universities! What sums do they squander there, and how do they squander them? Is this education?—All, however, who go to college have not the means of being profuse spendthrifts: but a few examples of profusion in our universities have a bad influence, which reaches much farther than it is commonly supposed to extend. Mr. C. and Mr. M. are at variance on the subject of academical education. We refer the reader to p. 64. *et seq.*

We must not, we cannot, follow Mr. M. over the ground which we have already traversed with Mr. C. in his account of himself in his own Memoirs; nor can we even glance at every digression or episode by which the present critical narrative is diversified. Enough, we think, will be effected by us in this article, if by a few selections we enable the reader to form some idea of the nature of Mr. M.'s undertaking, and of his merit in the execution of it.

It is well known that Mr. Cumberland's success as a dramatist, especially the fame which he acquired by "The West Indian," introduced him to the society of Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Reynolds, &c. and other wits of the last age. When Mr. M. arrives at this period of his hero's life, he enters into a eulogy on Dr. Johnson's style, which is very natural for one who certainly strives to copy it. He says,

"It has been the fashion, I know, to decry, in particular, the style of his *Ramblers*; but repeated perusals of that work have convinced me that though a uniformity in the construction of its sentences may sometimes prevail, yet it exhibits a continued and unbroken splendour of composition which no other work in the English language can produce in the same degree. That concentrated energy which belongs to it, that vigorous application of terms not then familiarized to the public ear, but most expressive and most desirable, and that sedulous rejection of expletives, from which none of the writings of his predecessors were free, together with the melodious collocation of the sentences, present a dazzling accumulation of excellencies which have outlived, and will continue to outlive, every attempt to obscure them, descending to posterity with increased and increasing lustre. I am not insensible to the few blemishes which may be justly said to pollute this perfection;



but they are so trivial, and are so nobly redeemed by the greatness of surrounding beauties, that I could never pause to dwell upon them, nor will I now stop to specify them. I am aware that the latter productions of Johnson advance a step, and but a small step, beyond this excellence; and that advance arises solely from his having, towards the close of his career, disencumbered his style from the few spots that disfigured it, and presented what may be pronounced a pure and perfect model of writing."

On the living as well as on the dead, this critic lavishes his strictures. Poor Miss Seward is handled rather roughly in a long note; and Mr. Walter Scott will, perhaps, think that Mr. M.'s appreciation of his merit will be of no service to his fame.

Many other persons and subjects will be found in this miscellaneous work, which the reader little expects. *Inter alia*, here are anecdotes of Lord Rodney, and a full account of that important improvement in naval tactics by which we have obtained very signal victories, viz. *breaking the enemy's line*; an idea which, it is well known, was first suggested by Mr. Clerk in his Essay on Naval Tactics, in 1782, and first practised by the admiral just mentioned.

When Mr. Cumberland returned from his Spanish mission, and found the surmise of Count Florida Blanca verified, by our ministry refusing to refund his expenses, which amounted to 4,500*l.* he was thrown into great difficulties, and obliged to sell his estate and retire from the capital. In this emergency, he chose Tunbridge Wells for the place of his residence, and sought refuge from the world in his library. In the poem called *Retrospection*, which he published not long before his death, he alludes to these circumstances:

"Hail to thee, Tunbridge! Hail Hygeian fount;  
Still as thy waters flow, may they dispense  
Health to the sick, and comfort to the sad!  
Sad I came to thee, comfortless and sick  
Of many sorrows: still th' envenom'd shaft  
Of base injustice rankled in my breast;  
Still on my haggard cheek the fever hung—  
'My only recompense'—Thirty long years  
Have blanch'd my temples since I first was taught  
The painful truth, that I but mock'd my hopes,  
And fool'd my senses, whilst I went astray  
To palaces and courts to search for that  
Which dwells not in them. No: to you, my books!  
To you, the dear companions of my youth,  
Still my best comforters, I turn'd for peace:  
To you at morning break I came, with you  
Again I commun'd o'er the midnight lamp;

And haply rescu'd from the abyss of time  
 Some precious relics of the Grecian muse,  
 Which else had perish'd: these were pleasing toils,  
 For these some learned men, who knew how deep  
 I delv'd to fetch them up, have giv'n me praise,  
 And I am largely paid; of this no court,  
 No craft can rob me, and I boldly trust  
 The treasure will not perish at my death."

An opportunity, so fairly presented, of commenting on the advantages of literary pursuits, is not lost on Mr. M., who continues the subject in prose, offering remarks which are at once pertinent and well expressed:

"One part of the preceding extract (that where he commemorates the many hours of unalloyed happiness which he derived from his books) will be read by every literary man with a pleasing consciousness of its truth. How few reflections upon the employment of time, indeed, can equal those which a scholar feels when he retraces in his imagination the hours he has devoted to voluntary and secluded study! The remembrance of past actions, on which virtue has fixed her approving stamp, may equal, but certainly cannot surpass them. In a mind tinctured with the love of knowledge, every pleasing idea is associated, as it contemplates those moments of placid enjoyment when instruction was silently insinuating itself, and when every day opened new stores of intellectual wealth, which the eager pupil of wisdom panted to possess. Inanimate objects become connected with our progress, and we remember, with delight, the shady walk, the silent grove, or the beauteous landscape, where we first opened some favourite volume, or first dwelt upon some matchless effusion of the muse still cherished by the memory. These are emotions familiar to the bosom of every student, and they are such as ever come with welcome, for they revive the recollection of a period which is endeared to him by the most pleasing images of past felicity. Our advancement in knowledge, or our completion of what we wish to know, is attended by few of those gay and inspiring sensations which accompany our initiation, when all before us is new and untried, and hope promises, with flattering delusion, all that we wish, and more than we find.

"Books are companions which accommodate themselves, with un-reproaching willingness, to all our humours. If we are jocund, or if we are sad, if we are studious to learn, or desirous only to be amused, he that has a relish for reading, will find the ready means of supplying all his intellectual wants in the silence of his library. They are friends whom no estimation can overvalue; they are always at our call, and ready to offer their aid and consolation; nor need we overstrain our desires by courtesy, for the moment they cease to be welcome we may dismiss them from our society without fear of reproach or offence. Of what other friends can we say as much?"



Having been led, in the course of this critical narrative, to notice the appearance of Cumberland's comedy of the *Walloons*, in 1782, in which the character of *Father Sullivan* was written for Henderson, Mr. Mudford takes occasion to reprobate the practice current among dramatic writers, of drawing characters for particular actors. In the succeeding chapter, he speaks, and properly, with greater displeasure, of a hint thrown out in one of the papers of Mr. C.'s *Observer*, viz. that "the right of publishing parliamentary debates is replete with mischief." Mr. M. combats this idea with the boldness of a true constitutionalist:

"In my opinion, whenever the day comes that the British legislature deliberates with closed doors, that day will be the signal for the extinction of British liberty. The great moral engine of public opinion, that tribunal to which every public man should be amenable, will be destroyed, and on its ruins will be erected a mysterious tyranny which will bow down the necks of my countrymen to the dust, without, perhaps, perpetrating any overt act of despotism flagrant enough to rouse them to resistance. The most dangerous, indeed, of all attacks on freedom, are those which imperceptibly sap its foundations; where nothing is seen to fall till the last support is silently undermined, and the whole fabric rushes to instantaneous destruction."

Of all Mr. C.'s publications, the *Observer* has been, and will, perhaps, continue to be, most read and approved. We, therefore, select some parts of Mr. Mudford's criticisms on that work, as interesting exemplifications of his reviewing powers:

"Johnson produced his *Ramblers* with very little assistance from contemporary wits; but Cumberland wrote his *Observer* without any. The different powers of the two writers, however, may be easily ascertained from a very slight inspection of their topics. Johnson drew solely from the stores of his own mind. His imagination quickened into perpetual growth objects of discussion; he seized upon an ordinary subject, and by the energy of his language, the richness of his fancy, the fertility of his allusions, and, above all, by the deep insight into human nature which he possessed, he so decorated and enforced it, that had novelty lent her aid, she could scarcely have added another attraction. He derived little help from books, and seldom extended his essays by quotation. They were short, also, and it did not often happen that the topic was pursued through successive numbers, for the quickness of his invention was such that he seldom needed to protract a disquisition by a languid iteration of ideas. His *Rambler* consists of two hundred and eight papers, and he discharges all the favours he received by the acknowledgement of six out of this number.

"Cumberland's *Observer* contains as great, if not a greater, quantity of matter, and it comprises only one hundred and fifty-two papers. Of these more than one third is compiled from other books. They

consist of critical researches into ancient writers, accompanied with copious extracts; of brief accounts of philosophers and poets, derived from sources familiar to the learned; and of historical relations which require little other labour than that of writing down the facts retained in the memory. Those papers which are original are expanded into unusual copiousness, and are sometimes pursued through several successive essays. They were written, too, at distant intervals of time, while Johnson's were produced by the necessity of stated and periodical labour within the space of two years.

"From this comparison, (honourable, indeed, to Cumberland, for with him alone can it be made, all our other essayists having been associated together in their respective labours,) two conclusions may be inferred; one, that Johnson possessed an extraordinary rapidity of conception, accompanied with a rapidity of execution as extraordinary: the other, that Cumberland, though he had, perhaps, no less rapidity of execution than Johnson, was far beneath him in that intellectual fruitfulness by which topics are not only elicited, but afterwards pursued and embellished with all the brightest ornaments of fancy, or enforced with all the weightiest arguments of reason.

"The most conspicuous part of these papers, and that which Cumberland seems to have regarded as his happiest effort, is the inquiry instituted into the history of the Greek writers, particularly of the comic poets now lost. 'I am vain enough,' says he, 'to believe that such collection of the scattered extracts, anecdotes, and remains of those dramatists is any where else to be found;' and in another part of his Memoirs he quotes, with manifest exultation, the following panegyric from the pen of Mr. Walpole, of Trinity College, Cambridge:

*"Aliunde quoque haud exiguum ornamentum huic volumini accessit, siquidem Cumberlandius nostras amicè benevolèque permisit, ut versiones suas quorundam fragmentorum, exquisitas sane illas, mirâque elegantia conditas et commendatas huc transferrem."*

"In writing these erudite papers, he was greatly assisted by the marginal annotations upon the authors by his grandfather Bentley, some of whose books he received from his uncle, (Dr. Richard Bentley,) and among them many of the writers whose works he afterwards illustrated in the Observer. That these essays, indeed, deserve every praise which so much diligence, learning, and skillful criticism can obtain, I will not deny; but they will oftener be commended than read.

"It is deemed unlucky to stumble on the threshold, but Cumberland has done so. I do not believe, indeed, that it would be possible to produce, from any writer of the last century, a paragraph so feebly involved as that with which the first number of the Observer commences. The reader wanders through it as in a maze; he finds himself at the end, at last, but wonders how he came there; he attempts to look back and disentangle the path he pursued, and beholds only inextricable confusion. I know nothing that resembles this initial



paragraph, except it be some of the prolixly concatenated sentences of Gauden; but his involutions are amply redeemed by a richness of imagination which scatters the brightest flowers over the palpable confusion.

"The purport of his undertaking was, as he informs us, "to tell his readers what he had observed of men and books in the most amusing manner he was able." This, indeed, was an unambitious claim, and to which, I think, he established a sufficient right in the progress of his labours."

"If the Observer be considered as a body of Essays, upon life, upon manners, and upon literature, it will shrink in comparison with those produced by Steele, by Addison, and by Johnson. Cumberland was capable of imagining characters; but he does not seem to have had much power of observing those qualities in individuals of which character is compounded. That which was obtrusively visible in a man, he could seize and portray; but the less obvious modes of thought, the secret bias, the prevailing but obscure motives to conduct, were seldom within his reach. He could invent, and give the invention an air of reality; upon a slender basis of truth he could engraft an agreeable fiction, in which, however, the traces of fancy would still be so discernible that the reader never mistook them.

"In this respect, therefore, he was greatly inferior to either Steele, Addison, or Johnson. They had a quick perception of the follies of mankind, and exhibited, without exaggeration, such a picture of them as none could mistake, and none could view without conviction of its truth. They looked abroad upon life, and observed all its various combinations: they studied man, and knew the artifices by which his conduct was obscured. They penetrated through that veil which necessity sometimes, and custom always, impels us to throw round our actions, and they disclosed those hidden qualities which escape the notice of ordinary observation, but which are recognized with instantaneous acquiescence when displayed.

"The want of this power in Cumberland is greatly felt by him who reads his essays consecutively; for, being restricted in the limits of his excursions, by inability to avail himself of what wider research would have offered, he is too diffuse upon single incidents and characters, as a man who has not many guineas applies one to its utmost variety of purposes.

"In his literary disquisitions, though always inferior to Johnson as a critic, he is often very pleasing, and often equal to Addison. His learning, perhaps, sometimes degenerates into pedantry, but he who is rich is apt to display his wealth. His critical papers are among the most amusing, and he has instituted an ingenious comparison between Massinger's Fatal Dowry and Rowe's Fair Penitent, in which the brief opinions of Mr. M. Mason (Massinger's editor) are enforced by examples pertinently selected. I wish, however, that his admiration of Cowper had not excited him to an imitation of that nervous and original writer.

"In his characters he sometimes exhibited living individuals. I have already alluded to his introduction of Johnson; and in the same

number, I imagine his actress to be Mrs. Siddons. Gorgon, the self-conceited painter of the deformed and terrible, (No 98.) was probably meant for Fuseli: but if so, there is more willingness to wound than power.

"There is nothing in these papers by which the most delicate reader can be displeased, which is a praise that cannot be wholly given either to the Spectator or Guardian, whose zeal to reform certain exposures of the female person often led them to illustrations not exactly within the limits of decency. This commendation I bestow the more willingly upon Cumberland, because the practice of such decorum was not habitual in him, for in some of his writings he only needed to employ a corresponding licentiousness of expression to rank with the corrupters of public morals."

We shall not quote this writer's strictures on the Society for the Suppression of Vice, at p. 450. *et seq.*: but we recommend them to the consideration of its zealous members.

A large portion of these pages is dedicated to the drama; and the author will not be said to have gone out of his way by animadverting on the extreme folly of the town in its idolatry of the talents of Master Betty. At the zenith of his popularity, we endeavoured to correct this mania, by suggesting the impossibility of those perfections which the public voice attributed to that youth, and has itself since refused to recognize.

Of the novels of his hero, Mr. M. speaks in terms of moral disapprobation; and of his scheme to establish a Review, with no applause. The following is his short account of Mr. C.'s death and character.

"Cumberland's death was not preceded by any tedious or painful illness. The uniform temperance of his life was such that he might justly hope a calm and gentle dismissal to another state; that euthanasia for which Arbuthnot so tenderly sighed, for which every man must devoutly wish, and which, indeed, as I have heard, was vouchsafed to Cumberland. He was indisposed only a few days previously, and quietly resigned his soul to its Maker at the house of his friend, Mr. Henry Fry, in Bedford Place, Russel Square, a gentleman whom he mentions with great kindness in his Memoirs. This melancholy event took place on the 7th of May, 1811.

"When his death was known, it excited a very general sensation in the literary world. He had, indeed, lived through so long a period, had written so much, had acquired so general a reputation as an elegant scholar and author, and had been connected so intimately with the most eminent men of the last half century, that his loss seemed to dis sever from us the only remaining link of that illustrious circle by which the individuals who composed it were still held to us.

"He was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 14th of May. His remains were interred in Poet's Corner, near the shrine of his friend Garrick. The funeral was attended by a numerous procession, which



reached the abbey about one o'clock, where they were met by Dr. Vincent, Dean of Westminster, the long-remembered friend and early school-fellow of Cumberland. His office must, therefore, have been an affecting one. When the body was placed in the grave, he pronounced the following oration, for a correct copy of which I am indebted to the kindness of his daughter, Mrs. Jansen :

" Good People, we have committed to the dust the body of Richard Cumberland, a man well entitled, by his virtues and his talents, to repose among the illustrious dead by which, in this place, he is surrounded. No author has written more ; few have written better. His talents were chiefly devoted to the stage : his dramas were pure and classical, the characters drawn from high life as well as low life, but all invariably dealt with according to the strict rules of poetical justice ; and we may say of him what we can say of few dramatists, that his plays were not contaminated by oaths or libidinous allusions, such as have disgraced the stage in all ages of the drama, and greatly, nay abominably, so at the present day. He was of opinion that the theatre was not merely a place of amusement, but a school of manners. In his prose works he was a moralist of the highest order. In his two great poems, drawn from holy writ, he well sustained the dignified character of our sacred religion, approved himself a worthy teacher of gospel morality, and a faithful servant of his blessed Redeemer. He was not exempt from the failings and infirmities of human nature ; but let us remember, that his talents were never prostituted to the cause of vice or immorality ; let us contemplate his long and useful labours in the service of God and his country ; and may the God of all mercy pardon his sins, and in the resurrection of the just receive him into everlasting peace and glory ! "

To the correctness of this character, given of the deceased by Dr. Vincent, Mr. M. demurs, denying him the praise of a strictly moral writer, and refusing to allow that his plays are free from oaths ; but the passages which are adduced in Mr. M.'s first edition, and suppressed in the second, are not quite in point, if by oaths we mean impious appeals to the Divine Being. The practice, too common in the present day, of profane execration or cursing, is indeed exemplified in Cumberland's dramas.

Throughout this work, Mr. M. has aimed at producing a nervous composition, and on the whole he has succeeded : but, as he is a *martinet* in style, we were surprised to meet in p. 469. with the following language : " he affords too many glimpses in the progress of the action, of *how* it is to terminate ; " and in p. 451. the sentence is not much better, in which he speaks of " negligences which he had already animadverted *on in* examining the *West Indian*." He has written on Cumberland's works more than was necessary : but he has in general written well, and in the spirit of sound criticism.

# ORIGINAL.

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

### BRIGADIER GENERAL ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE.

ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE was born at Lambertons,\* in the state of New-Jersey, January 5th, 1779. His father was a respectable officer in the army of the United States. His family had for several generations resided in New-Jersey, and were descended from a Captain John Pike, whose name is preserved by tradition as having been a gallant and distinguished soldier in the early Indian wars of the colony. He entered the army while yet a boy, and served for some time as a cadet in his father's company, which was then stationed on the western frontiers of the United States. At an early age he obtained the commission of ensign, and some time after, that of lieutenant in the 1st regiment of infantry. He was thus almost from his cradle trained to the habits of a military life; but he did not, like most of the peaceful veterans of the barracks and the parade, while away his days in inactivity, contented with the mechanical routine of military duty. By a life of constant activity and exposure, he invigorated his constitution, and prepared himself for deeds of hardihood and adventure. At the same time, he endeavoured to supply the deficiency of his early education by most ardent, though, probably, often desultory and ill-regulated application to every branch of useful knowledge. He had entered the army with no other education than such as is afforded by the most ordinary village school—reading, writing, and a little arithmetic. By his own solitary exertions he acquired, almost without the aid of a master, the

\* This name is a curious instance of the mode in which many of our Indian names have been changed. It is a corruption of Lamaton, which was formerly pronounced and spelt Alamatunk, that being the original Indian name.



French and Latin languages, the former of which, it appears from his journal, he was able to write and speak with sufficient accuracy for all the purposes of business; to these he afterwards added a competent knowledge of the Spanish. He also studied the elementary branches of mathematics, and became very conversant and even skilful in all the ordinary practical applications of that science. He seems, besides, to have had a general curiosity, to which no kind of knowledge was without interest; he read with avidity every book which fell in his way, and thus, without any regular plan of study, acquired a considerable stock of various information, and some tincture of popular English literature. In most of these literary acquirements, Pike scarcely attained to the accuracy of the scholar, but they were such as became the gentleman, and elevated and adorned the character of the soldier. Nor were these studies directed solely to the improvement of the mind; he endeavoured to make them subservient to a much higher end. From his youth he sedulously cultivated in himself a generous spirit of chivalry; not that punctilious and barren honour which cheaply satisfies itself with the reputation of personal courage and freedom from disreputable vice, but the chivalry of the ancient school of European honour—that habit of manly and virtuous sentiment, that spirit of patriotism and self-devotion, which, while it roots out from the heart every other weakness of our nature, spares and cherishes “that last infirmity of noble minds,” the love of glory, and in every great emergency in which man may be called upon to act, sends him forth into the service of his country or his kind, at once obeying the commands of duty, and elevated and animated by the warm impulse of enthusiastic feeling.

Among other habits of mental discipline by which Pike was accustomed to cherish these principles and feelings, was a constant practice of inserting upon the blank pages of some favourite volume, such striking maxims of morality, or sentiments of honour, as occurred in his reading, or were suggested by his own reflections. He had been in the practice of making use of a small edition of Dodsley’s “Economy of Human Life,” for this purpose. Soon after his marriage, he presented this volume to his wife, who still preserves it as one of the most precious memorials of her husband’s

virtues. An extract from one of the manuscript pages of this volume was published in a periodical work soon after his death. It was written as a continuation of the article "Sincerity," and is strongly characteristic of the author.

"Should my country call for the sacrifice of that life which has been devoted to her service from early youth, most willingly shall she receive it. The sod which covers the brave shall be moistened by the tears of love and friendship; but if I fall far from my friends and from you, my Clara, remember that 'the choicest tears which are ever shed, are those which bedew the unburied head of a soldier,' and when these lines shall meet the eyes of our young ———— let the pages of this little book be impressed on his mind as the gift of a father who had nothing to bequeath but his honour, and let these maxims be ever present to his mind as he rises from youth to manhood :

" 1. Preserve your honour free from blemish.

" 2. Be always ready to die for your country.

" Z. M. Pike.

" Kaskaskias, Indiana Territory "

Thus gifted with a lofty spirit of honour, and an iron constitution, Pike presents to the imagination no imperfect resemblance of one of the cavaliers of the sixteenth century, the hardy, steel-clad companions of Bayard and Sidney.

In March, 1801, he married Miss Clarissa Brown, of Cincinnati, in the state of Kentucky. By this marriage he had several children, only one of whom, a daughter, survives him.

On the old peace establishment of our army, then composed only of a few regiments, and employed altogether in garrisoning a few frontier posts, promotion was slow, and the field of action limited and obscure. For several years Lieutenant Pike panted in vain for an opportunity of gratifying that "all-ruling passion," which, to use his own words, "swayed him irresistibly to the profession of arms, and the pursuits of military glory."

At length, in 1805, a new career of honourable distinction was opened to this active and aspiring youth. Soon after the purchase of Louisiana, the government of the United States determined upon taking measures to explore their new territory, and that immense tract of wilderness included within its limits. Besides as-



certaining its geographical boundaries, it was wished to acquire some knowledge of its soil and natural productions, of the course of its rivers, and their fitness for the purposes of navigation and other uses of civilized life, and also to gain particular information of the numbers, character, and power of the tribes of Indians who inhabited this territory, and their several dispositions towards the United States. With these views, while Captains Lewis and Clarke were sent to explore the unknown sources of the Missouri, Pike was despatched on a similar expedition for the purpose of tracing the Mississippi to its head.

On the 9th of August, 1805, Pike accordingly embarked at St. Louis, and proceeded up the Mississippi, with twenty men, in a stout boat, provisioned for four months, but they were soon obliged to leave their boats and proceed on their journey by land, or in canoes, which they built after leaving their large boat, and carried with them on their march. Pike's own journal has been for some time before the public, and affords a much more satisfactory narrative of the expedition than the narrow limits of a magazine article can allow. For eight months and twenty days this adventurous soldier and his faithful band were almost continually exposed to hardship and peril, depending for provisions upon the precarious fortunes of the chase, enduring the most piercing cold, and cheerfully submitting to the most constant and harassing toils. They were sometimes for days together without food, and they frequently slept without cover upon the bare earth, or the snow, during the bitterest inclemency of a northern winter. During this voyage, Pike had no intelligent companion upon whom he could rely for any sort of advice or aid, and he literally performed the duties of astronomer, surveyor, commanding officer, clerk, spy, guide, and hunter, frequently preceding the party for many miles in order to reconnoitre, or rambling for whole days in search of deer or other game for provision, and then returning to his men in the evening hungry and fatigued, he would sit down in the open air to copy by the light of a fire the notes of his journey, and to plot out the courses of the next day.

His conduct towards the Indians was marked with equal good sense, firmness, and humanity; he everywhere, without violence or fraud, induced them to submit to the government of the United

States, and he made use of the authority of his country to put an end to a savage warfare which had for many years been carried on with the utmost cruelty and rancour between the Sioux and the Chippeways, two of the most powerful nations of Aborigines remaining on the North American continent. He also everywhere enforced with effect the laws of the United States against supplying the savages with spirituous liquors. Thus, while he wrested their tomahawks from their hands, and compelled them to bury the hatchet, he defended them from their own vices, and in the true spirit of humanity and honour, rejected with disdain that cruel and dastardly policy which seeks the security of the civilized man in the debasement of the savage.

In addition to the other objects of Pike's mission, as specifically detailed in his instructions, he conceived that his duty as a soldier required of him an investigation of the views and conduct of the British traders, within the limits of our jurisdiction, and an inquiry into the exact limits of the territories of the United States and Great Britain. This duty he performed, says the author of a former sketch of his biography,\* with the boldness of a soldier and the politeness of a gentleman; he might have justly added, with the disinterestedness of a man of honour, and the ability and discretion of an enlightened politician. He found that the North-west Company, by extending their establishments and commerce far within the bounds of the United States, and even into the very centre of Louisiana, were thus enabled to introduce their goods without duty or license into our territories, to the very great injury of the revenue, as well as to the complete exclusion of our own countrymen from all competition in this trade. He perceived, besides, that these establishments were made subservient to the purposes of obtaining an influence over the savages dangerous to the peace and injurious to the honour and character of our government, and he thought it evident that in case of a rupture between the two powers, all these posts would be used as rallying points for the enemy, and as places of deposit for arms to be distributed to the Indians, to the infinite annoyance, if not total ruin, of all the adjoining territories.

\* In the Monthly Recorder for July 1813, to which sketch together with Pike's own journal and Nile's Weekly Register, the writer is indebted for most of the facts of General Pike's biography.



An opportunity was now presented to him of enriching himself for life, by merely using the power vested in him by law, and seizing upon the immense property of the company which he found illegally introduced within our territory. But having been hospitably received at one of their principal posts, his high sense of honour would not permit him to requite their hospitality by a rigorous execution of the laws. It is probable, too, that he thought so violent a measure might lead to collisions between the two governments, without tending to produce any permanent beneficial effect, and he cheerfully sacrificed all views of personal interest to what he conceived to be the true interest and honour of his country. By means of reprimands and threats to the inferior traders, and a frank and spirited remonstrance to the director of the Fond du Lac department, he succeeded in procuring a stipulation, that in future no attempt should be made to influence any Indian on political affairs, or any subjects foreign to trade, and that measures should be immediately taken to prevent the display of the British flag, or any other mark of power, within our dominion; together with a promise that such representations should be immediately made to the company, and such an arrangement effected with regard to duties, as would hereafter set that question at rest.

His conduct with regard to this subject was, at the time, viewed with cold approbation, but the events of the present war have borne ample testimony to his sagacity and foresight.

Within two months after his return from this expedition, Pike was selected by General Wilkinson for a second perilous journey of hardship and adventure. The principal purpose of this expedition was, like that of the former, to explore the interior of Louisiana. He was directed to embark at St. Louis with the Osage captives, (about forty in number,) who had been rescued from their enemies, the Potowatomies, by the interference of our government, and to transport them to the principal village of their nation; and he was instructed to take this opportunity to bring about interviews between the different savage nations, and to endeavour to assuage animosities, and establish a permanent peace among them. He was, after accomplishing these objects, to continue his route into the interior, and to explore the Mississippi and its tributary streams, especially the Arkansaw and the Red River,

and thus to acquire such geographical information as might enable government to enter into definitive arrangements for a boundary line between our newly acquired territory and North Mexico.

In the course of this second journey, our adventurous soldier, after leaving the Osage village, encountered hardships, in comparison of which the severities of his former journey seemed to him ease and luxury.

Winter overtook the party unprovided with any clothing fit to protect them from cold and storms. Their horses died, and for weeks they were obliged to explore their way on foot through the wilderness, carrying packs of sixty or seventy pounds weight, beside their arms, exposed to the bitterest severity of the cold, relying solely on the produce of the chase for subsistence, and often for two or three days altogether without food. This part of his journal contains a narrative of a series of sufferings sufficient to make the "superfluous and lust-dieted" son of luxury shudder at the bare recital. Several of the men had their feet frozen, and all, except Pike and one other, were in some degree injured by the intensity of the cold. He thus relates the history of two of these dreary days:

"18th *January, Sunday*.—The doctor and myself, who fortunately were untouched by the frost, went out to hunt something to preserve existence; near evening we wounded a buffalo with three balls, but had the mortification to see him run off notwithstanding. We concluded it was useless to go home to add to the general gloom, and went amongst some rocks, where we encamped, and sat up all night; from the intense cold it was impossible to sleep. Hungry and without cover.

"19th *January, Monday*.—We again took the field, and after crawling about one mile in the snow, got near enough to shoot eight times among a gang of buffaloes, and could plainly perceive two or three to be badly wounded, but by accident they took the wind of us, and, to our great mortification, all were able to run off. By this time I had become extremely weak and faint, it being the fourth day since we had received sustenance, all of which we were marching hard, and the last night had scarcely closed our eyes to sleep. We were inclining our course to a point of woods, determined to remain absent and die by ourselves, rather than to return to our camp and behold the misery of our poor lads, when we discovered a gang of buffaloes coming along at some distance. With great



exertions I made out to run and place myself behind some cedars, and by the greatest good luck the first shot stopped one, which we killed in three more shots, and by the dusk had cut each of us a heavy load, with which we determined immediately to proceed to the camp, in order to relieve the anxiety of our men, and carry the poor fellows some food. We arrived there about 12 o'clock, and when I threw my load down, it was with difficulty I prevented myself from falling; I was attacked with a giddiness of the head, which lasted for some minutes. On the countenances of the men was not a frown, nor a desponding eye, but all seemed happy to hail their officer and companions, yet not a mouthful had they eat for four days. On demanding what were their thoughts, the serjeant replied, the most robust had determined to set out in search of us on the morrow, and not return unless they found us, or had killed something to preserve the lives of their starving companions."

In the course of this long, toilsome, and perilous march, Pike displayed a degree of personal heroism and hardihood, united with a prudence and sagacity which, had they been exerted on some wider theatre of action, would have done honour to the most renowned general. The reader may, perhaps, smile at this remark, as one of the wild exaggerations of a biographer anxious to dignify the character of his hero, but the truth is, that great men owe much of their splendour to external circumstances, and if Hannibal had made his famous march across the Alps at the head of a company of foot, instead of an army, his name, if it had reached us, would have come down to posterity with much less dignity than that of our hardy countryman. There are passages in Pike's journal of his second expedition which, had they been found, with proper alterations of place and circumstance, related by Plutarch or Livy of one of their heroes, would have been cited by every schoolboy as examples of military and heroic virtue. Take, for instance, the account of Pike's firm and prudent conduct in repressing the first symptoms of discontent in his little band, and his address upon this occasion to the mutineer, and they will be found to need but little of the usual embellishments of an eloquent historian, to be made worthy of Hannibal himself.

"24th January, Saturday.—We sallied out in the morning, and

shortly after perceived our little band, marching through the snow, (about two and a half feet deep,) silent, and with downcast countenances. We joined them, and learnt that they, finding the snow to fall so thickly that it was impossible to proceed, had encamped about one o'clock the preceding day. As I found all the buffaloes had quitted the plains, I determined to attempt the traverse of the mountain, in which we persevered until the snow became so deep it was impossible to proceed, when I again turned my face to the plain, and for the first time in the voyage found myself discouraged, and for the first time I heard a man express himself in a seditious manner; he exclaimed, 'that it was more than human nature could bear, to march three days without sustenance, through snows three feet deep, and carry burdens only fit for horses,' &c. &c.

"As I knew very well the fidelity and attachment of the majority of the men, and even of this poor fellow, and that it was in my power to chastise him when I thought proper, I passed it by for the moment, determined to notice it at a more auspicious time. We dragged our weary and emaciated limbs along until about 10 o'clock. The doctor and myself, who were in advance, discovered some buffaloes on the plain, when we left our loads and orders written on the snow, to proceed to the nearest woods to encamp. We went in pursuit of the buffaloes, which were on the move.

"The doctor, who was then less reduced than myself, ran and got behind a hill, and shot one down, which stopped the remainder. We crawled up to the dead one, and shot from him as many as twelve or fourteen times among the gang, when they removed out of sight. We then proceeded to cut up the one we had shot, and after procuring each of us a load of the meat, we marched for the camp, the smoke of which was in view. We arrived at the camp to the great joy of our brave lads, who immediately feasted sumptuously. After our repast, I sent for the lad who had presumed to speak discontentedly in the course of the day, and addressed him to the following effect: 'Brown, you this day presumed to make use of language which was seditious and mutinous; I then passed it over, pitying your situation, and attributing it to your distress, rather than to your inclination to sow discontent amongst the party. Had I reserved provisions for ourselves, whilst you were starving; had we been marching along light and at our ease, whilst you were weighed down with your burden, then you would have had some pretext for your observations; but when we were equally hungry, weary, emaciated, and charged with burden, which I believe my natural strength is less able to bear than any man's in the party; when



we are always foremost in breaking the road, reconnoitering, and the fatigues of the chase, it was the height of ingratitude in you to let an expression escape which was indicative of discontent; your ready compliance and firm perseverance I had reason to expect, as the leader of men, and my companions in miseries and dangers. But your duty, as a soldier demanded your obedience to your officer, and a prohibition of such language, which, for this time, I will pardon, but assure you, should it ever be repeated, I will revenge your ingratitude and punish your disobedience by instant *death*. I take this opportunity, likewise, to assure you, soldiers, of my thanks for the obedience, perseverance, and ready contempt of every danger which you have generally evinced; I assure you, nothing shall be wanting on my part to procure you the rewards of our government, and gratitude of your countrymen.

“ They all appeared very much affected, and retired with assurances of perseverance in duty.”

Amidst these distresses, after a three months' winter's march, they explored their way to what they supposed to be the Red River. Here they were met by a party of Spanish cavalry, by whom Pike was informed, to his great astonishment, that they were not on the Red River, but on the Rio del Norte, and in the Spanish territory. All opposition to this force would have been idle, and he reluctantly submitted to accompany the Spaniards to Santa Fe, to appear before the governor. Though, to his great mortification, his expedition was thus broken off, all hardship was now at an end. He was treated on the road with great respect and hospitality, though watched and guarded with much jealousy; but he still insisted on wearing his sword, and that his men should retain their arms. Indeed, it was his resolution, had he or any of his people been ill used, to surprise the guard, carry off their horses, and make the best of their way to Apaches.

When he arrived at Santa Fe, his whole dress was a blanket-coat, blue trowsers, mocasons, and a scarlet cloth cap lined with a fox skin; his men were in leather coats, with leggings, &c. and not a hat in the whole party. But he appeared before the governor with his usual spirit, and insisted on being treated with the respect due to an American officer. From Santa Fe he was sent to the capital of the province of Biscay, to be examined by

the commandant general, where he was well received and entertained for some time, after which he was sent on his way home, under the escort of a strong party of horse. He arrived with his little band at Natchitoches on the 1st of July, 1807.

The most vexatious circumstance attending this unexpected sequel to his expedition was the seizure of all his papers, except his private journal, by the Spanish government. He had been fitted out with a complete set of mathematical and astronomical instruments, and had made frequent and accurate observations. He had thus ascertained the geographical situation of the most important points with much precision, and had collected materials for an accurate map of a great part of the country which he traversed. The seizure of these papers is a real loss to the cause of science. It is, however, in perfect conformity to that narrow and purblind policy which the old Spanish government uniformly manifested in the administration of its colonies.

Pike, upon his return, received the thanks of the government; a committee of the house of representatives expressed their high sense of his "zeal, perseverance, and intelligence," and the administration, much to its honour, bestowed upon him a more solid testimony of approbation, by a rapid promotion in the army. He was immediately appointed captain, shortly after a major, and, upon the further enlargement of the army in 1810, a colonel of infantry.

During the intervals of his military duties, he prepared for the press a narrative of his two expeditions, accompanied by several valuable original maps and charts. This was published in 8vo. in 1810. The work is rather overloaded with unnecessary detail, and the language is careless and often inaccurate; the last fault is, however, in a great measure to be attributed to several disadvantageous circumstances under which the work went to press, while the author was at a distance, engaged in public service. Still it is sufficiently evident that the volume is not the composition of a scholar. But it bears the strongest marks of an acute, active, busy mind, unaccustomed to scientific arrangement or speculation, but filled with a variety of knowledge, all of a useful, practical kind. Though entirely unacquainted with botany, zoölogy, and mineralogy, as sciences, Pike had a liberal curiosity, which taught



him to look upon every object with the eye of an observer, and to despise no sort of knowledge, though he might not himself perceive its immediate utility. Above all, the narrative has that unstudied air of truth which is so apt to evaporate away in the processes of the book-making traveller; it retains all the clearness and freshness of first impressions, and we are never for a moment left in doubt whether or no the writer and the traveller are the same person.

Immediately after the declaration of war, Pike was stationed with his regiment upon the northern frontier, and upon the commencement of the campaign of 1813, was appointed a brigadier general.

There was a tincture of enthusiasm in Pike's character which communicated itself to his whole conduct; in whatsoever pursuit he engaged, he entered upon it with his whole soul. But the profession of arms had been always his favourite study—his "life's employment, and his leisure's charm." Having served through every gradation of rank, almost from a private, up to a general, and very often employed in separate and independent commands, he was intimately acquainted with all the minutiae of discipline. The veteran of a peace establishment is too apt, from the want of greater objects, to narrow his mind down to the little details of a military life, until, at length, every trifle swells up into ideal importance, and the cut of a coat or the tying of a neckcloth, seems big with the fate of nations. Pike was extremely attentive to all the particulars, even to the most minute points, of discipline and dress, yet he gave them their due importance, and no more. He did not wish to degrade the soldier into a mere living machine, and while he kept up the strictest discipline, he laboured to make his men feel that this severity arose not from caprice or ill temper, but from principle, and that it had for its sole object their own glory, their ease, their health, and safety. Careless of popularity, and negligent of the arts by which good will is often conciliated where there is no real esteem, by the unassuming simplicity and frankness of his manners, and the undeviating honour of his conduct, he bound to himself the hearts of all around with the strong ties of respect and affection.

Thus self-formed, and thus situated, the eyes of the army were anxiously cast towards him as the chosen champion who was to redeem their reputation from that disgrace with which it had been stained by a long series of disasters. The day for which his heart had long panted at length arrived—a bright day of glory for the hero, of gloom and sorrow to his country. He was selected for the command of the land forces in an expedition against York, the capital of Upper Canada, and on the 25th of April sailed from Sackett's Harbour in the squadron commanded by Commodore Chauncey. The day before the expedition sailed, he wrote a letter to his father, which contains these prophetic words:

“I embark to-morrow in the fleet at Sackett's Harbour, at the head of a column of 1,500 choice troops, on a secret expedition. If success attends my steps, honour and glory await my name; if defeat, still shall it be said that we died like brave men, and conferred honour, even in death, on the American name.

“Should I be the happy mortal destined to turn the scale of war, will you not rejoice, O my father? May heaven be propitious, and smile on the cause of my country! But if we are destined to fall, may my fall be like Wolfe's—to sleep in the arms of victory.”

On the 27th of April General Pike arrived at York, with about seventeen hundred chosen men, and immediately prepared to land. The spot which was selected for landing, was the site of an old French fort called Toronto, of which scarcely any vestiges now remain. The plan of attack was formed by General Pike himself, and clearly and minutely detailed in his general orders, which were directed to be read at the head of every corps; every field officer was also directed to carry a copy of them in order that he might at any moment refer to them, and give explanations to his subordinates. Every thing was arranged, and every probable exigency provided for, with admirable method and precision.

There is one paragraph of these orders which breathes so much of his own spirit, that I cannot forbear from extracting it. It is deeply stamped with that unity of character which was visible



throughout all his actions, and which is, in truth, one of the strongest marks of a powerful and original mind.

“ No man will load until ordered, except the light troops in front, until within a short distance of the enemy, and then charge bayonets; thus letting the enemy see that we can meet them with their own weapons. Any man firing or quitting his post without orders must be put to instant death, as an example may be necessary. Platoon officers will pay the greatest attention to the coolness and aim of their men in the fire; their regularity and dressing in the charge. The field officers will watch over the conduct of the whole. Courage and bravery in the field do not more distinguish the soldier than humanity after victory; and whatever examples the savage allies of our enemies may have given us, the general confidently hopes, that the blood of an unresisting or yielding enemy will never stain the weapons of the soldiers of his column. Property must be held sacred; and any soldier who shall so far neglect the honour of his profession as to be guilty of plundering the inhabitants shall, if convicted, be punished with death. But the commanding general assures the troops, that should they capture a large quantity of public stores, he will use his best endeavours to procure them a reward from his government.”

As soon as the debarkation commenced, a body of British grenadiers was paraded on the shore, and the Glengary Fencibles, a local force which had been disciplined with great care, and has repeatedly proved itself fully equal to any regular force, appeared at another point. Large bodies of Indians were also seen in different directions, while others filled the woods which skirted the shore. General Sheaffe commanded in person.

Forsythe's riflemen were the first to land, which they effected under a heavy fire of musketry and rifles from the Indians and British. As soon as the fire from the shore commenced, Major Forsythe had ordered his men to rest for a few moments upon their oars, and return the fire. At this moment Pike was standing upon the deck of his ship. He saw the pause of his first division, and, impatient at the delay, exclaimed, “ I can stay here no longer, come, jump into the boat ;” and, springing into it, followed by his staff, was immediately rowed into the thickest of the fire.

The infantry had followed the riflemen, and formed in platoons as soon as they reached the shore. General Pike took the command of the first platoon which he reached, and ordered the whole to prepare for a charge. They mounted the bank, and the enemy, after a short conflict, broke at once, and fled in disorder towards the works. At that moment the sound of Forsythe's bugles was heard, announcing his success at another point. Its effect upon the Indians was almost electrical; they gave a horrible yell, and fled in every direction.

The whole force, being now landed and collected, was again formed and led on by General Pike in person to attack the enemy's works. They advanced through the woods, and after carrying one battery by assault, in the most gallant manner, moved on in columns towards the main work. The fire of the enemy was soon silenced by our artillery, and a flag of surrender was expected, when a terrible explosion suddenly took place from the British magazine, which had been previously prepared for this purpose. Pike, after aiding in removing a wounded man with his own hands, had sat down on the stump of a tree with a British serjeant, who had been taken, and was employed with Captain Nicholson and one of his aids in examining the prisoner. The explosion was tremendous; an immense quantity of large stones were thrown in every direction with terrible force, and scattered destruction and confusion around among our troops. The general, his aid, Captain Nicholson, and the prisoner, fell together, all, except the aid, mortally wounded. General Pike had been struck on the breast by a heavy stone. Shortly after he received the blow, he said to his wounded aid, "I am mortally wounded—write to my friend D——, and tell him what you know of the battle, and to comfort my ——." In the same broken manner, he afterwards added several other requests relating to his private affairs.

The troops were instantly formed again; as a body of them passed by their wounded general, he said, "Push on, brave fellows, and avenge your general." While the surgeons were carrying him out of the field, a tumultuous huzza was heard from our troops; Pike turned his head with an anxious look of inquiry; he was told by a serjeant, "The British union jack is coming down,



general—the stars are going up.” He heaved a heavy sigh, and smiled. He was then carried on board the commodore’s ship, where he lingered for a few hours. Just before he breathed his last, the British standard was brought to him; he made a sign to have it placed under his head, and expired without a groan.

The death of General Pike, at such a period, was a great public misfortune; his countrymen did not know half the extent of their loss. Pike was plain and unimposing in his appearance and manners, and to the world seemed little more than an active and intelligent soldier; but it is not easy to say what height of military excellence may not have been reached by a mind like his, stimulated by high-soaring ambition, braced up by principle to habitual dignity of thought, and constantly expanding its views, enlarging its resources, and unfolding its powers, by its own native and unwearied energy.

Gallant spirit! It was thine to wash out with thy life-blood the foul remembrance of our country’s shame—of those disgraces which had blasted her honour, and tarnished the ancient glories of her arms. It was thine, in life, in death, to give to your companions in arms a great example of chivalrous honour and heroic courage;—it was thine to lead them to the threshold of the temple of fame, and bid them enter on a long career of glory.

Gallant spirit! Thy country will not forget thee—thou shalt have a noble memory. When a grateful nation confers upon the heroes of Niagara and Erie the laurels they have so nobly earned, she will bid them remember that those laurels were first gathered on the shores of York, and were watered by the blood of a hero; and hereafter, when our children and our children’s children shall read the story of patriots and heroes who have greatly fallen in the arms of victory, when their eyes glisten, and their young hearts throb wildly at the kindling theme, they will close the volume which tells of Epaminondas, of Sidney, or of Wolfe, and proudly exclaim, “And we, too, had our Montgomery and our Pike.”

## PORTER'S JOURNAL.

[Concluded from p. 301.]

About 11 o'clock we perceived that our people had gained the mountains, and were driving the Happahs from height to height, who fought as they retreated, and daring our men to follow them, with threatening gesticulations. A native, who bore the American flag, waved it in triumph as he skipped along the mountains. They were attended by a large concourse of friendly natives, armed as usual, who generally kept in the rear of our men. Mauina alone was seen in the advance of the whole, and was well known by his scarlet cloak and waving plumes; in about an hour we lost sight of the combatants, and saw no more of them until about 4 o'clock, when they were discovered descending the mountains on their return, the natives bearing five dead bodies slung on poles. Mr. Downes and his men soon afterwards arrived at the camp, overcome with the fatigue of an exercise to which they had been so little accustomed. He informed me that on his arrival near the tops of the mountains, the Happahs, stationed on the summit, had assailed him and his men with stones and spears; that he had driven them from place to place until they had taken refuge in a fortress erected in the manner described, on the brow of a steep hill; here they all made a stand, to the number of between three and four thousand; they dared our people to ascend this hill, at the foot of which they had made a halt to take breath, when the word was given by Mr. Downes to rush up the hill; at that instant a stone struck him in the belly, and laid him breathless on the ground, and at the same time one of our people was pierced with a spear through his neck. This occasioned a halt, and they were about abandoning



any further attempt on the place, but Mr. Downes soon recovered, and finding himself able to walk, gave orders for a charge. Hitherto our party had done nothing, not one of the enemy had to their knowledge been wounded; they scoffed at our men, exposed to them their posteriors, and treated them with the utmost contempt and derision. Our friendly natives also began to think we were not so formidable as we pretended; it became, therefore, absolutely necessary that the fort should be taken at all hazards. Our people gave three cheers, and rushed on through a shower of spears and stones, which the natives threw from behind their strong barrier, and it was not until our people entered the fort that they thought of retreating; five were at this instant shot dead, and one in particular fought until the muzzle of the gun was presented to his forehead, when the top of his head was entirely blown off. As soon as this place was taken, all further resistance was at an end; the friendly natives collected the dead, while many ran down in a village situated in the valley for the purpose of securing the plunder, large quantities of which, consisting of drums, mats, calabashes, and other household utensils, as well as hogs, cocoanuts, and other fruits; they also brought with them large quantities of that plant with which they make their finest cloth, which grows nearly as large as the wrist, and is highly esteemed by them. They came also laden with plunder, which the enemy had not time to remove; for they could not be made to believe that a handful of men could drive them. It was shocking to see the manner they treated such as were knocked over with a shot; they rushed on them with their war clubs, and soon despatched them; then each seemed anxious to dip his spear in his blood, which nothing whatever could induce him to wipe off; the spear from that time bore the name of the dead warrior, and its value, in consequence of that trophy, was greatly enhanced.

### The Typee War.

The Tayeehs, the Happahs, and Shauenees, now made fresh complaints of the insults and aggressions of the Typees. One they had threatened to drive off the land: they had thrown stones at, and otherwise insulted individuals of the other tribes. The

Tayeehs and Happahs became very solicitous for war, and began to utter loud complaints, that, as all the other tribes in the island had formed an alliance with us, they should be tolerated in their insolence, and excused from supplying us as the rest had done; the more distant had now discontinued bringing in their supplies, and the other tribes had fallen off considerably, complaining that we had nearly exhausted all their stock, while the Typees were enjoying abundance; lead us to the Typees, said they, and we shall be enabled to furnish you from their valley; you have long threatened them, and yet permit them to offer violence to us; and while you have rendered every other tribe tributary to you, you permit them to triumph with impunity. Our canoes are in readiness, our warriors impatient, and for less provocations, had you not been here, we should have been engaged in hostilities. Let us punish those Typees, bring them on the same terms to which we have agreed, and the whole island will then be at peace, a thing hitherto unknown, but the advantage of which we can readily conceive. These were the sentiments expressed by the chiefs and warriors of the Tayeehs and Happahs. Tavee seemed determined to keep aloof from all quarrels; he was separated from us by the valley of the Typees, and they had it in their power to retort on him at pleasure; he and his people concluded it, therefore, the wisest to bear their insults and dodge their stones in the best manner they could, not, however, without complaining occasionally to me on the subject; but they seemed determined to take no active part with us in the war.

Finding that it was absolutely necessary to bring the Typees to terms, or endanger our good understanding with the other tribes, I resolved to endeavour to bring about a negotiation with them, and to back it with a force sufficient to intimidate them.

On the 27th of November I informed the Tayeehs and Happahs that I should next day go to war with the Typees, agreeably to my original plans, and directed Gattaneuah to proceed on board the Essex Junior, with two persons, who were to perform the office of ambassadors, and on the arrival of the ship in their bay, were to be sent to the Typees, offering the same terms of peace as were accepted by the others.

The Essex Junior sailed in the afternoon, and I proceeded next



morning at 3 o'clock with five boats, accompanied by ten war canoes, blowing their conchs as a signal by which they could be kept together. One of our boats separated from the others, passed the bay, and did not rejoin us again till the middle of the day. We arrived at the Typee landing at sunrise, and were joined by ten war canoes from the Happahs. The Essex Junior soon after arrived and anchored, and the tops of all the neighbouring mountains were covered with the Tayeeh and Happah warriors, armed with their clubs, spears, and slings: the beach was covered with the warriors who came with the canoes, and who joined us from the hills. Our force did not amount to a less number than 5,000 men, but not a Typee, or any of their dwellings, were to be seen, for the whole length of the beach, extending upwards of a quarter of a mile, was a clear level plain, which extended back about 100 yards; a high and almost impenetrable thicket bordered on this plain, and the only trace we could perceive, which we were informed led to the habitations, was a narrow pathway which wound through the swamp. The canoes were all hauled on the beach: the Tayeehs on the right, the Happahs on the left, and our four boats in the centre. We only waited for reinforcements from the Essex Junior; our interpreter, our ambassadors, and Gattaneuah, landed on the ship's anchoring: I went on board to hasten them on shore, directing Lieutenant Downes to bring with him 15 men; these, with the 28 on shore, I supposed would be fully sufficient to bring them to terms. On my return to the beach I found every one in arms. The Typees had appeared in the bushes, and had pelted our people with stones while quietly eating their breakfast; they, as well as the Tayeehs and Happahs, were all on their guard, but no hostilities had been offered on our part. I had brought with me one of those I had intended to employ as ambassadors; he had intermarried with the Typees, and was privileged to go among them; I furnished him with a white flag, and sent him to inform the Typees that I had come to offer them peace, but was prepared for war; that I only required that they should submit to the same terms as those entered into by the other tribes, and that terms of friendship would be much more pleasing to us than any satisfaction which I expected to derive from chastising them. In a few minutes after the departure of my messenger, he came running back the picture of

terror, and informed me he had met in the bushes an ambuscade of Typees, who, regardless of his flag of truce, which he displayed to them, had driven him back with blows, and had threatened to put him to death if he again ventured among them; and in an instant afterwards we had a confirmation of his statement in a shower of stones which came from the bushes; at the same moment one of them darted across the pathway and was shot through the leg, but was carried off by his friends. Hostilities had now commenced. Lieutenant Downes had arrived with his men, and I gave the orders to march. Mauna, as having forgot the difference which had taken place between us, placed himself, as usual, in advance; we entered the bushes, and were at every instant assailed by spears and stones which came from the different parties of the enemy in ambuscade: we could hear the snapping of the slings, the whistling of the stones; the spears came quivering by us, but we could not perceive from whom they came—no enemy was to be seen—not a whisper was to be heard among them. To have remained still would have proved fatal to us, to have retreated would have convinced them of our fears and our incapacity to injure them; our only safety lay in advancing and endeavouring to clear the thicket, which I had been informed was of no great extent.

We had advanced about a mile and received no injury, nor had we reason to believe we had done any to the enemy, (who we could only get a glimpse of as they darted from tree to tree,) although we had kept up a scattering fire on them; we at length came to a small opening on the bank of a river, from the thicket on the opposite side of which we were assailed with a shower of stones, when Lieutenant Downes received a blow which shattered the bone of his left leg, and he fell. We had left parties in ambush in our rear, which we had not been able to dislodge, and to trust him to the Indians alone to take back was hazarding too much; I was fearful of weakening my force by sending a party to escort him back, and to have returned would have been construed by the allied tribes into a defeat. They had taken no active part; they sat as silent observers of our operations; the sides of the mountains were still covered with them, and myself,



as well as the Tayeehs had no slight grounds to doubt the fidelity of the Happahs; a defeat would no doubt have sealed our destruction. I had come with a force very inadequate to reduce them to terms, as I had received wrong impressions as to the country through which we had to pass; but since we had come, it was necessary something should be done to convince them of our superiority. The Indians all began to leave us; all depended upon our own exertions, and no time was to be lost in deliberation. I therefore directed Mr. Shaw, with four men, to escort him to the beach; this, with the party I had left for the protection of the boats, reduced my number to 24 men. As we continued our march the number of our allies became reduced, and even the brave Mauina, the first to expose himself, began to hang back. While he had kept in advance he had, by the quickness of his sight, which was astonishing, put us on our guard as the stones and spears came, and enabled us to elude them; but now they came too thick even for him to withstand. We soon came to the place for fording the river, in the thick bushes of the opposite banks of which the Typees, who were here very numerous, made a bold stand, and showered on us their spears and other missiles; here our advance was for a few minutes checked; the banks of the river were remarkably steep, but particularly on the side where we were, which would render our retreat difficult and dangerous in case of a repulse; the stream was rapid, the water deep, and the fording difficult and hazardous, on account of the exposed situation we should be in while crossing; we endeavoured in vain to clear the bushes of the opposite banks with our musketry, but the stones and spears flew with augmented force and numbers; finding that we could not dislodge them, I directed a volley to be fired, three cheers to be given, and to dash across the river; we soon gained the opposite bank, and continued our march, rendered still more difficult by the underwood which was here interlaced to that degree as to make it necessary sometimes to crawl on our hands and knees to get along; we were harassed as usual by the Typees for about a quarter of a mile through a thicket, which at almost any other time I should have considered impassable. Mauina and two or three others of the natives had kept with us, the others had not crossed the river. We soon came to a small space cleared of the

small trees and the underwood; the natives had ceased to annoy us, and we had hoped soon to have arrived at their village, which I had been informed was at no great distance, and on emerging from the swamp we felt new life and spirits; but this joy was of short duration, for on casting up our eyes we perceived a strong and extensive wall of 7 feet in height, raised on an eminence crossing our road, and flanked on each side by an impenetrable thicket, and in an instant afterwards we were assailed by a shower of stones, accompanied by the most horrid yells, which left no doubt in our minds that we had here to encounter their principal strength, and that we should here meet with much resistance in passing this barrier. It fortunately happened that a tree which afforded me shelter from their stones, enabled me, accompanied by Lieutenant Gamble, to annoy them as they would raise above the wall to throw them. These were the only muskets which could be employed to any advantage, others kept up a scattering fire without effect; finding we could not dislodge them, I gave orders for pushing on and endeavouring to take it by storm, but some of my men had by this time expended all their cartridges, and there were but few who had more than three or four remaining. This discouraging news threw a damp on the spirits of the whole of us; without ammunition our muskets were rendered inferior to the weapons of the Typees, and if we could not advance there could be no doubt we should be under the necessity of fighting our way back; and to attempt this with our few remaining cartridges would be hazarding too much: our only safety now depended on holding our ground until we could procure a fresh supply of ammunition, and in reserving the few charges on hand until it could be brought to us. I mentioned my intentions to my people, exhorted them to save their ammunition as much as possible, and despatched Lieutenant Gamble with a detachment of four men to the beach, there to take a boat and proceed to the *Essex Junior* for a fresh supply.

We were from the time of his departure chiefly occupied in dodging the stones, which came with redoubled force and numbers. Our fire had become slackened, a few muskets only occasionally were fired to convince them we were not disposed to retreat. My number was now reduced to 19 men, there was no



officer but myself, the Indians had all deserted me except Mauina, and to add to our critical and dangerous situation, three of the men remaining with me were knocked down with stones. Mauina begged me to retreat, crying, "Mattee! Mattee!" The wounded entreated me to permit the others to carry them to the beach, but I had none to spare to accompany them; I saw no hopes of succeeding against them so long as they kept their strong hold, and determined to endeavour to draw them out by a feigned retreat, and by this means to gain some advantage, for to return without gaining some advantage, would, I believed, have rendered an attack from the Happahs certain. I communicated my intentions, directed the wounded to be taken care of, gave orders for all to run until we were concealed by the bushes, and then halt; we retreated for a few paces, and in an instant the Typees rushed on us with hideous yells; the first and second which advanced were killed at the distance of a few paces, and those who attempted to carry them off were wounded; this checked them; they abandoned their dead, and precipitately retreated to their fort. Not a moment was now to be lost in gaining the opposite side of the river, and taking advantage of the terror they were thrown into: we marched off with our wounded. Scarcely had we crossed the river before we were attacked with stones, but here they halted, and I returned to the beach much fatigued and harassed by marching and fighting, and with no contemptible opinion of the enemy we had to encounter, or the difficulties we should have to surmount in conquering them.

#### Second Battle of the Typees.

A large assemblage of Typee warriors were posted at the foot of the mountain, and dared us to descend. In the rear was a fortified village, secured by strong stone walls; drums were beating and conches were sounding in several parts, and we soon found they were disposed to make every effort to oppose us. I gave orders to descend, Mauina offered himself as our guide, and I directed him to lead us to their principal village; but finding the fatigue of going down the mountain greater than I expected, I gave orders to halt before crossing the river, to give time for the rear to close, which had become much spread, and that we might

all rest. As soon as we reached the foot of the mountain we were annoyed by a shower of stones from the bushes and behind the stone walls. But as we were also enabled to shelter ourselves behind others, and being short of ammunition, I would not permit any person to fire. After resting a few minutes I directed the scouting party to gain the opposite bank of the river, and followed with the main body; we were greatly annoyed with stones, and before all had crossed the fortified village was taken without any loss on our side. Their chief warrior and another were killed, and several wounded; they retreated only to the stone walls, situated on higher ground, where they continued to sling their stones and throw their spears; three of my men were wounded, and many of the Typees killed before we dislodged them: parties were sent out in different directions to scour the woods, and another fort was taken after some resistance. But the party, overpowered by numbers, were compelled to retreat to the main body, after keeping possession of it half an hour.

We were waiting in the first fort taken for the return of our scouting parties. A multitude of Tayeehs and Happahs were with us, and many were in the outskirts of the village, seeking for plunder. Lieutenant M'Knight had driven a party from a strong wall on a high ground, and had taken possession of it, when a large party of Typees, who had been laying in ambush, rushed by his fire, and darted into the fort with their spears. The Tayeehs and Happahs all ran. The Typees approached within pistol shot, but on the first fire retreated precipitately, crossing the fire of Mr. M'Knight's party, and although none fell, we had reason to believe that many were wounded. The spears and stones were flying from the bushes in every direction, and although we killed and wounded in this place great numbers of them, we were satisfied, from the opposition made, that we should have to fight our whole way through the valley.

It became now necessary to guard against a useless consumption of our ammunition. The scouting parties had returned, and some had expended all their cartridges. I exhorted them to be more careful of them, and after having given them a fresh supply, forbid any firing from the main body, unless we should be attacked by great numbers. I now left a party in this place posted in a



house with the wounded, and another party in ambush behind a wall, and directed Mauina to lead us to the next village; but before marching I sent a messenger to inform the Typees that we should cease hostilities when they no longer made resistance; but so long as stones were thrown I should destroy their villages: no notice was taken of this message. We continued our march up the valley, and met in our way several beautiful villages, which were set fire to, and at length arrived at their capital, for it deserved the name of one; we had been compelled to fight every inch of ground as we advanced, and here they made considerable opposition; the place was, however, soon carried, and I very reluctantly set fire to it, for the beauty and regularity of this place was such as to strike every spectator with astonishment. Their grand site or public square was far superior to any other we had met with. Numbers of their gods were here destroyed, several elegant and large war canoes, which had never been used, were burnt in the houses that sheltered them. Many of their drums, which they had been compelled to abandon, were thrown into the flames, and our friendly Indians loaded themselves with plunder, after destroying bread fruit and other trees, and all the young plants they could find. We had now arrived at the upper end of the valley, about nine miles from the beach, and at the foot of the waterfall above mentioned. The day was advancing, we had yet much to do, and it was necessary to hasten our return to the first fort taken, where we arrived after being about four hours absent, leaving behind us a scene of ruin and desolation. I had hoped that the Typees had now abandoned all further thoughts of resistance, but on my return to the fort, I found the parties left there had been annoyed the whole time of my absence, but being sheltered from the stones, and short of ammunition, they had not fired on the enemy.

This fort was situated exactly half way up the valley: to return by the road we descended the hill would have been impossible. It became, therefore, necessary to go to the beach, where I was informed that the difficulty of ascending the mountains would not be so great; many were exhausted with fatigue, and began to feel the cravings of hunger, and I directed a halt, that all might rest and refresh themselves. After resting about half an hour, I directed

the Indians to take care of our wounded; we formed the line of march, and proceeded down the valley, and in our route destroyed several other villages, at all of which we had some skirmishing with the enemy; at one of those places, situated at the foot of a steep hill, they rolled enormous stones down, with a view of crushing us to death, but they did us no injury. The number of villages destroyed amounted to ten, and the destruction of trees and plants, and the plunder carried off by the Indians, is almost incredible. The Typees fought us to the last, and even at first harassed our rear on our return, but parties left in ambush soon put a stop to any further annoyance. We at length came to this formidable fort, which checked our career on our first day's enterprise, and although I had witnessed many instances of the great exertion and ingenuity of these islanders, I never had supposed them capable of contriving and erecting a work like this, so well calculated for strength and defence. It formed the segment of a circle, and was about fifty yards in extent, built of large stones, six feet thick at the bottom, and gradually narrowing at the top, to give it strength and durability; on the left was a narrow entrance merely sufficient to admit of one person's entering, and served as a sally port, but to enter this from the outside, it was necessary to pass directly under the wall for one half its length, as an impenetrable thicket prevented the approach to it in any other direction. The wings and rear were equally guarded, and the right was flanked by another fortification of greater magnitude and equal strength and ingenuity; in these fortifications consisted the strength of the Typees; their usual fighting place with the other tribes was on the plain near the beach, and although they had frequently been engaged with the forces of several tribes combined, they had never before succeeded in compelling them to retire beyond the river, which, it will be remembered, is about one quarter of a mile from the fort. There are but three entrances into this valley, one on the west, which we descended, one on the east, and one from the beach. No force whatever had before dared to attack them on the west, on account of the impossibility of retreating in case of a repulse, which they calculated on as certain. The passage on the east led from the valley of their friends, and that from the beach was guarded by fortresses deemed impreg-



nable, and justly so, against any force which could be brought against them unassisted by artillery. On viewing the strength of this place, I could not help felicitating myself on the lucky circumstance which had induced me to attack them by land, for I believe we should have failed in an attempt on this place by water. I had determined, on first starting, not to return until I had destroyed this fort, and now intended putting my design in execution. To have thrown it down by removing the stones singly would have required more time than we had to spare, and concluding that by our united efforts we should be enabled to demolish the whole at once, I directed the Indians and my own men to put their shoulders to the wall, and endeavoured by efforts made at the same instant to throw it down, but it was built with so much solidity that no impression could be made on it; we therefore left it as a monument to future generations of their skill and industry. This fortification appeared of ancient date, and time alone can ever destroy it. We succeeded in making a small breach in the wall, through which we passed on our route to the beach, a route which was familiar to us, but had now become doubly intricate from the number of trees which had since been cut down and placed across the pathway, as much to impede our advance as to embarrass us in our retreat; we found the same had been practised on the bank of the river.

On my arrival at the beach, I met Tavee and many of his tribe, together with the chiefs of the Happahs. Tavee was the bearer of a white flag, and several of the same emblems of peace were flying on the different hills round the valley. He was very desirous of knowing whether I intended going to their valley, and wished to be informed when he should again bring presents, and what articles he should bring; he inquired if I would still be his friend, and reminded me that I was Tomio Tipee, the chief of the valley of Shaumee, and that his name was Tavee; I requested him to return and allay the fears of the women, who he informed me were in the utmost terror, apprehensive of an attack from me. The chiefs of the Happahs invited me to return to their valley, assuring me that an abundance of every thing was already provided for us, and the girls, who had assembled in great numbers, dressed out in their best attire, welcomed our return with smiles,

and notwithstanding our wet and dirty situation, (for it had been raining the greatest part of the day,) convinced us by their looks and gestures, that they were disposed to give us the most friendly reception.

Gattaneuah met me on the side of the hill, as I was ascending; the old man's heart was full, he could not speak, he placed both my hands on his head, rested his forehead on my knees, and after a short pause, raising himself, placed his hands on my breast, exclaimed, Gattaneuah! and then on his own, said, Apotee, to remind me we had exchanged names.

When I had reached the summit of the mountain, I stopped to contemplate that valley which in the morning we had viewed in all its beauty, the scene of abundance and happiness. A long line of smoking ruins now marked our traces from one end to the other; the opposite hills were covered with the unhappy fugitives, and the whole presented a scene of devastation and horror. Unhappy and heroic people! the victims of your own courage and mistaken pride, while the instruments of your fate shed the tears of pity over your misfortunes, thousands of your countrymen, (nay, brethren of the same family,) triumph in your distresses! I shall not fatigue myself or reader by a longer account of this expedition. We spent the night with the Happahs, who supplied us most abundantly, and next morning at daylight started for Madisonville, where we arrived about eight o'clock, after an absence of three nights and two days, during which time we marched upwards of sixty miles by paths which had never before been trodden but by the natives; several of my stoutest men were for a long time laid up by sickness occasioned by their excessive fatigue, and one (Corporal Mahon, of the marines,) died two days after his return.



## SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

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*A Day by the Fire,—poetically and practically considered.*

[From the Reflector.]

I AM one of those that delight in a fireside, and can enjoy it without even the help of a cat or a tea-kettle. To cats, indeed, I have an aversion, as animals that only affect a sociality without caring a jot for any thing but their own luxury; and my tea-kettle, I frankly confess, has long been displaced, or rather dismissed, by a bronze-coloured and graceful urn; though, between ourselves, I am not sure that I have gained any thing by the exchange. Cowper, it is true, talks of the “bubbling and loud-hissing urn,” which

“Throws up a steamy column;”

but there was something so primitive and unaffected, so warm-hearted and unpretending, in the tea-kettle—its song was so much more cheerful and continued, and it kept the water so hot and comfortable as long as you wanted it, that I sometimes feel as if I had sent off a good, plain, faithful old friend, who had but one wish to serve me, for a superficial, smooth-faced upstart of a fellow, who, after a little promising and vapouring, grows cold and contemptuous, and thinks himself bound to do nothing but stand on a rug and have his person admired by the circle. To this admiration, in fact, I have been obliged to resort, in order to make myself think well of my bargain, if possible; and accordingly, I say to myself every now and then during the tea,—“A pretty look with it—that urn;” or “It’s wonderful what a taste the Greeks had;” or “The eye might have a great many enjoyments, if people would but look after forms and shapes.” In the meanwhile, the urn leaves off its “bubbling and hissing,”—but then there is such an air with it! My tea is made of cold water—but then the Greeks were such a nation!

If there is any one thing that can reconcile me to the loss of my kettle more than another, it is that my fire is left quite to itself; it has full room to breathe and to blaze, and I can poke it as I please. What recollection does that idea excite!—Poke it as I please!—Think, benevolent Reader—think of the pride and plea-

sure of having in your hand that awful but at the same time artless weapon, a poker—of putting it into the proper bar—gently levering up the coals—and seeing the instant and bustling flame above! To what can I compare that moment? That sudden, empyreal enthusiasm? That fiery expression of vivification? That ardent acknowledgement, as it were, of the care and kindness of the operator?—Let me consider a moment:—it is very odd—I was always reckoned a lively hand at a simile—but language and combination absolutely fail me here. If it is like any thing, it must be something beyond every thing in beauty and life. Oh—I have it now—think, Reader—if you are one of those who can muster up sufficient sprightliness to engage in a game of forfeits—on Twelfth night, for instance—think of a blooming girl, who is condemned to “open her mouth and shut her eyes, and see what heaven,” in the shape of a mischievous young fellow, “will send her.” Her mouth is opened accordingly, the fire of her eyes is dead, her face assumes a doleful air, up walks the aforesaid heaven or mischievous young fellow, (young Ouranos—Hesiod would have called him,) and instead of a piece of paper, a thimble, or a cinder, claps into her mouth a peg of orange or a long slice of citron—then her eyes above instantly light up again—the smiles wreath about—the sparklings burst forth—and all is warmth, brilliancy, and delight. I am aware that this simile is not perfect; but if it would do for an epic poem, as I think it might after Virgil’s whippingtops, and Homer’s Jackasses and black-puddings, the reader perhaps will not quarrel with it.

But to describe my feelings in an orderly manner, I must request the reader to go with me through a day’s enjoyments by the fireside. It is part of my business, as a Reflector, to look about for helps to reflection; and for this reason, among many others, I indulge myself in keeping a good fire from morning till night. I have also a reflective turn for an easy chair, and a very thinking attachment to comfort in general. But of this as I proceed. Imprimis, then—the morning is clear and cold—time half past seven—scene a breakfast-room. Some persons, by the by, prefer a thick and rainy morning, with a sobbing wind, and the clatter of pattens along the streets; but I confess, for my own part, that being a sedentary person, and too apt to sin against the duties of exercise, I have somewhat too sensitive a consciousness of bad weather, and feel a heavy sky go over me like a feather-bed, or rather like a huge brush, which rubs all my nap the wrong way. I am growing better in this respect, and by the help of a stout walk at noon, and getting, as it were, fairly into a favourite poet and a warm fire of an evening, begin to manage a cloud or an East wind tolerably well—but still, for perfection’s sake on the present occasion, I must insist upon my clear morning, and



will add to it, if the reader pleases, a little hoar-frost upon the windows, a bird or two coming after the crumbs, and the light smoke from the neighbouring chimnies brightening up into the early sunshine. Even the dustman's bell is not unpleasant from its association; and there is something absolutely musical in the clash of the milk pails suddenly unyoked, and the ineffable, ad libitum note that follows. The waking epicure rises with an elastic anticipation; enjoys the freshening cold-water which endears what is to come; and even goes placidly through the villainous scraping process which we soften down into the level and lawny appellation of shaving. He then hurries down stairs, rubbing his hands, and sawing the sharp air through his teeth; and as he enters the breakfast-room, sees his old companion glowing through the bars—the life of the apartment—and wanting only his friendly hand to be lightened a little, and enabled to shoot up into dancing brilliancy. (I find I am getting into a quantity of epithets here; and must rein in my enthusiasm.)—What need I say? The poker is applied, and would be so whether required or not, for it is impossible to resist the sudden ardour inspired by that sight:—the use of the poker, on first seeing one's fire, is as natural as shaking hands with a friend. At that movement, a hundred little sparkles fly up from the coaldust that falls within, while from the masses themselves a roaring flame mounts aloft with a deep and fitful sound as of a shaken carpet:—epithets again—I must recur to poetry at once:—

Then shine the bars, the cakes in smoke aspire,  
A sudden glory bursts from all the fire.  
The conscious wight, rejoicing in the heat,  
Rubs the blithe knees, and toasts th' alternate feet.\*

The utility as well as beauty of the fire *during* breakfast need not be pointed out to the most unphlogistic observer. A person would rather be shivering at any time of the day than at that of his first rising:—the transition would be too unnatural:—he is not prepared for it—as Barnardine says, when he objects to being hung. If you eat plain bread and butter with your tea, it is fit that your moderation should be rewarded with a good blaze; and if you indulge in hot rolls or toast, you will hardly keep them to their warmth without it, particularly if you read; and then—if you take in a newspaper—what a delightful change from the wet, raw, dabbling fold of paper, when you first touch it, to the dry, crackling, crisp superficies which, with a skilful spat of the finger-nails at its

\* Parody upon part of the well-known description of night with which Pope has swelled out the passage in Homer, and the faults of which have long been appreciated by general readers.

upper end, stands at once in your hand, and looks as if it said "Come read me." Nor is it the look of the newspaper only which the fire must render complete:—it is the interest of the ladies who may happen to form part of your family—of your wife in particular, if you have one—to avoid the niggling and pinching aspect of cold; it takes away the harmony of her features and the graces of her behaviour; while on the other hand, there is scarcely a more interesting sight in the world than that of a neat, delicate, goodhumoured female, presiding at your breakfast-table, with hands tapering out of her long sleeves, eyes with a touch of Sir Peter Lely in them, and a face set in a little oval frame of muslin tied under the chin, and retaining a certain tinge of the pillow without its cloudiness. This is indeed the finishing grace of a fireside, though it is impossible to have it at all times, and perhaps not always politic, especially for the studious.

From breakfast to dinner, the quantity and quality of enjoyment depend very much on the nature of one's concerns: and occupation of any kind, if we pursue it properly, will hinder us from paying a critical attention to the fireside. It is sufficient, if our employments do not take us away from it, or at least from the genial warmth of a room which it adorns;—unless, indeed, we are enabled to have recourse to exercise; and in that case, I am not so unjust as to deny that walking or riding has its merits, and that the general glow they diffuse throughout the frame has something in it extremely pleasurable and encouraging;—nay, I must not scruple to confess, that without some preparation of this kind, the enjoyment of the fireside, humanly speaking, is not absolutely perfect; as I have latterly been convinced by a variety of incontestible arguments in the shape of headaches, rheumatisms, mote-haunted eyes, and other logical appeals to one's feelings which are in great use with physicians.—Supposing, therefore, the morning to be passed, and the due portion of exercise to have been taken, the firesider fixes rather an early hour for dinner, particularly in the winter-time; for he has not only been early at breakfast, but there are two luxurious intervals to enjoy between dinner and the time of candles—one that supposes a party round the fire with their wine and fruit—the other, the hour of twilight, of which it has been reasonably doubted whether it is not the most luxurious point of time which a fireside can present:—but opinions will naturally be divided on this as on all other subjects, and every degree of pleasure depends upon so many contingencies, and upon such a variety of associations induced by habit and opinion, that I should be as unwilling as I am unable to decide on the matter. This, however, is certain, that no true firesider can dislike an hour so composing to his thoughts and so cherishing to his whole faculties; and it is equally certain, that



he will be little inclined to protract the dinner beyond what he can help, for if ever a fireside becomes unpleasant, it is during that gross and pernicious prolongation of eating and drinking, to which this latter age has given itself up, and which threatens to make the rising generation regard a meal of repletion as the ultimatum of enjoyment. The inconvenience to which I allude is owing to the way in which we sit at dinner, for the persons who have their backs to the fire are liable to be scorched, while at the same time they render the persons opposite them liable to be frozen; so that the fire becomes uncomfortable to the former and tantalizing to the latter; and thus three evils are produced, of a most absurd and scandalous nature;—in the first place, the fireside loses a degree of its character, and awakens feelings the very reverse of what it should; secondly, the position of the back towards it is a neglect and affront, which it becomes it to resent: and finally, its beauties, its proffered kindness, and its sprightly, social effect, are at once cut off from the company by the interposition of those invidious and idle surfaces called screens. This abuse is the more ridiculous, inasmuch as the remedy is so easy; for we have nothing to do but to use semicircular dining-tables, with the base unoccupied towards the fireplace, and the whole annoyance vanishes at once; the master or mistress might preside in the middle, as was the custom with the Romans, and thus propriety would be observed, while every body had the sight and benefit of the fire;—not to mention, that by this fashion, the table might be brought nearer to it—that the servants would have better access to the dishes—and that screens, if at all necessary, might be turned to better purpose as a general enclosure instead of a separation.—But I hasten from dinner, according to notice; and cannot but observe, that if you have a small set of visitors who enter into your feelings on this head, there is no movement so pleasant as a general one from the table to the fireside, each person taking his glass with him, and a small, slim-legged table being introduced into the circle for the purpose of holding the wine, and perhaps a poet or two, a glee-book, or a lute. If this practice should become general among those who know how to enjoy luxuries in such temperance as not to destroy conversation, it would soon gain for us another social advantage by putting an end to the barbarous custom of sending away the ladies after dinner—a gross violation of those chivalrous graces of life, for which modern times are so highly indebted to the persons whom they are pleased to term Gothic. And here I might digress, with no great impropriety, to show the *snug* notions that were entertained by the knights and damsels of old in all particulars relating to domestic enjoyment, especially in the article of mixed company; but I must not quit the fireside, and will only

observe, that as the ladies formed its chief ornament, so they constituted its most familiar delight.

The minstralcie, the service at the feste,  
The grete yestes to the most and leste,  
The riche array of Theseus' paleis,  
Ne who sate first, ne last upon the deis,  
What ladies fairest ben, or best dancing,  
Or which of hem can carole best or sing,  
Ne who most felingly speketh of love;  
What haukis sitten on the perch above,  
What houndis ligen on the flour adoun—  
Of all this now make I no mencion.

CHAUCER.

The word *snug*, however, reminds me, that amidst all the languages, ancient and modern, it belongs exclusively to our own; and that nothing but a want of ideas suggested by that soul-wrapping epithet, could have induced certain frigid connoisseurs to tax our climate with want of genius—supposing, forsooth, that because we have not the sunshine of the southern countries, we have no other warmth for our veins, and that because our skies are not hot enough to keep us in doors, we have no excursiveness of wit and range of imagination. It seems to me that a great deal of good argument in refutation of these calumnies has been wasted upon Monsieur du Bos and the Herrn Winckellmann—the one a narrow-minded, pedantic Frenchman, to whom the freedom of our genius was incomprehensible—the other an Italianized German, who being suddenly transported into the sunshine, began frisking about with unwieldy vivacity, and concluded that nobody could be great or bewitching out of the pale of his advantages. Milton, it is true, in his *Paradise Lost*, expresses an injudicious apprehension lest

An age too late, or cold  
Climate, or years, damp his intended wing;

but the very complaint which foreign critics bring against him as well as Shakspeare, is, that his wing was not damped enough—that it was too daring and unsubdued; and he not only avenges himself nobly of his fears by a flight beyond all Italian poetry, but shows like the rest of his countrymen that he could turn the coldness of his climate into a new species of inspiration, as I shall presently make manifest. Not to mention, however, that the Greeks and Romans, Homer in particular, saw a great deal worse weather than these critics would have us imagine, the question is, would the poets themselves have thought as they did? Would



Tyrtæus, the singer of patriotism, have complained of being an Englishman? Would Virgil, who delighted in husbandry, and whose first wish was to be a philosopher, have complained of living in our pastures, and being the countryman of Newton? Would Homer, the observer of character, the panegyrist of freedom, the painter of storms, of landscapes, and of domestic tenderness—aye, and the lover of snug houseroom and a good dinner—would he have complained of our humours, of our liberty, of our shifting skies, of our ever-green fields, our conjugal happiness, our firesides, and our hospitality? I only wish the reader and I had him at this party of our's after dinner, with a lyre on his knee, and a goblet, as he says, to drink as he pleased—

——Piein, hote thumos anogoi.

Odyss. lib. viii. v. 70.

I am much mistaken if our blazing fire and our freedom of speech would not give him a warmer inspiration than ever he felt in the person of Demodocus, even though placed on a lofty seat, and regaled with slices of brawn from a prince's table. The ancients, in fact, were by no means deficient in enthusiasm at sight of a good fire; and it is to be presumed, that if they had enjoyed such firesides as ours, they would have acknowledged the advantages which our genius presents in winter, and almost been ready to conclude with old Cleveland that the sun himself was nothing but

Heaven's coalery;—

A coal-pit rampant, or a mine on flame.

The ancient hearth was generally in the middle of the room, the ceiling of which let out the smoke; it was supplied with charcoal or faggots; and consisted, sometimes of a brazier or chafing dish, (the focus of the Romans,) sometimes of a mere elevation or altar (the *εστια* or *εσχαρα* of the Greeks.) We may easily imagine the smoke and annoyance which this custom must have occasioned—not to mention the bad complexions which are caught by hanging over a fuming pan, as the faces of the Spanish ladies bear melancholy witness. The stoves, however, in use with the countrymen of Mons. du Bos and Winckellmann are, if possible, still worse, having a dull, suffocating effect, with nothing to recompense the eye. The abhorrence of them which Ariosto expresses in one of his satires, when justifying his refusal to accompany Cardinal d'Este into Germany, he reckons up the miseries of its winter time, may have led M. Winckellmann to conclude that all the northern resources against cold were equally intolerable to an Italian genius; but Count Alfieri, a poet at least as warmly inclin-

ed as Ariosto, delighted in England; and the great Romancer himself, in another of his satires, makes a commodious fireplace the climax of his wishes with regard to lodging. In short, what did Horace say, or rather, what did he not say, of the raptures of in-door sociality—Horace, who knew how to enjoy sunshine in all its luxury, and who, nevertheless, appears to have snatched a finer inspiration from absolute frost and snow? I need not quote all those beautiful little invitations he sent to his acquaintances, telling one of them that a neat room and sparkling fire were waiting for him, describing to another the smoke springing out of the roof in curling volumes, and even congratulating his friends in general on the opportunity of enjoyment afforded them by a stormy day; but to take leave at once of these frigid connoisseurs, hear with what rapture he describes one of those friendly parties, in which he passed his winter evenings, and which only wanted the finish of our better morality and our patent fireplaces, to resemble the one I am now fancying:

Vides ut altâ stet nive candidum  
Soracte; nec jam systineant onus  
Silvæ laborantes; geluque  
Flumina constiterint acuto?

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco  
Largè reponens; atque benigniùs  
Deprome quadrimum Sabinâ,  
O Thaliarche, merum diotâ.

Permitte Divis cætera. . . .  
Donec virenti canities abest  
Morosa, nunc et campus, et aræ,  
Lensque sub noctem susurri  
Compositâ repetantur horâ:

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo  
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo,  
Pignusque dereptum lacerto  
Aut digito male pertinaci.

Lib. I. Od. 9.

Behold yon mountain's hoary height  
Made higher with new mounts of snow;  
Again behold the winter's weight  
Oppress the lab'ring woods below,  
And streams with icy fetters bound  
Benumb'd and cramped to solid ground.



With well-heap'd logs dissolve the cold,  
 And feed the genial hearth with fires,  
 Produce the wine that makes us bold,  
 And sprightly wit and mirth inspires.  
 For what hereafter shall betide,  
 Jove, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

Th' appointed hour of promis'd bliss,  
 The pleasing whisper in the dark,  
 The half unwilling, willing kiss,  
 The laugh that guides thee to the mark,  
 When the kind nymph would coyness feign,  
 And hides but to be found again,  
 These, these are joys the gods for youth ordain. }

DRYDEN.

The Roman poet, however, though he occasionally boasts of his temperance, is too apt to lose sight of the intellectual part of his entertainment, or, at least, to make the sensual part predominate over the intellectual. Now, I reckon the nicety of social enjoyment to consist in the reverse; and after partaking with Homer of his plentiful boiled and roast, and with Horace of his flower-crowned wine parties, the poetical reader must come at last to us barbarians of the north for the perfection of fireside festivity—that is to say, for the union of practical philosophy with absolute merriment—for light meals and unintoxicating glasses—for refection that administers to enjoyment, instead of repletions that at once constitute and contradict it. I am speaking, of course, not of our commonplace eaters and drinkers, but of our classical arbiters of pleasure, as contrasted with those of other countries; these, it is observable, have all delighted in Horace, and copied him as far as their tastes were congenial; but without relaxing a jot of their real comfort, how pleasingly does their native philosophy temper and adorn the freedom of their conviviality—feeding the fire, as it were, with an equable fuel that hinders it alike from scorching and from going out, and instead of the artificial enthusiasm of a heated body, enabling them to enjoy the healthful and unclouded predominance of a sparkling intelligence! It is curious, indeed, to see how distinct from all excess are their freest and heartiest notions of relaxation. Thus our old poet, Drayton, reminding his favourite companion of a fireside meeting, expressly unites freedom with moderation:

My dearly loved friend, how oft have we  
 In winter evenings, meaning to be free,  
 To some well-chosen place us'd to retire,  
 And there with moderate meat, and wine, and fire,

Have pass'd the hours contentedly in chat,  
 Now talk'd of this, and then discours'd of that—  
 Spoke our own verses 'twixt ourselves—if not  
 Other men's lines, which we by chance had got.

*Epistle to Henry Reynolds, Esq. Of Poets and Poesy.*

And Milton, in his Sonnet to Cyriack Skinner, one of the turns of which is plainly imitated from Horace, particularly qualifies a strong invitation to merriment by anticipating what Horace would always drive from your reflections—the feelings of the day after:

Cyriack, whose grandsire, on the royal bench  
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause  
 Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,  
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;  
*To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench  
 In mirth, that, after, no repenting draws.*  
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,  
 And what the Swede intends, and what the French.

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know  
 Tow'rd solid good what leads the nearest way;  
 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,  
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
 And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

But the execution of this sonnet is not to be compared in gracefulness and a finished sociality with the one addressed to his friend Lawrence, which, as it presents us with the acme of elegant repast, may conclude the hour which I have just been describing, and conduct us complacently to our twilight. I cannot help observing, however, by the way, that ordinary readers, who know Milton only through the medium of his principal poem, and of Johnson's biography, are apt to entertain the most erroneous ideas of his habits and private feeling, which, by an artifice that wants no epithet, in withholding passages like the present, and studiously keeping back indeed all the amiable and cordial features of his mind, the Doctor has contrived to represent as altogether severe and unyielding; whereas the truth is, that no poet abounds in passages that evince a finer sensibility to domestic enjoyment, from its tenderest grace to its heartiest familiarity. It might be supposed of Johnson, with much less malice or injustice, that the very taste thus exhibited by Milton for graces which he did not possess, and delights which he could not enjoy, rendered him doubly bitter against the great republican; for not to repeat all the other proofs that have convicted him on this



head—what but sheer malice, or sheer insensibility, or a mixture of both, could have induced him, when he was giving a specimen of the English sonnet in his Dictionary, to pass over the following delicious lines, and present us with the very sonnet which he thought the worst, and which he had pronounced to be “contemptible?”—Yet what value indeed could have been placed on such lines by a critic, who was impatient of music—by a philosopher, who almost got into his dish when he was eating—and by a politician, who thought no man could be amiable that contradicted his opinions?

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,  
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,  
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
 Help waste a sullen day—what may be won  
 From the hard season gaining? Time will run  
 On smother, till Favonius re-inspire  
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire  
 The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise  
 To hear the lute well-touch'd, and artful voice  
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?  
 He who of these delights can judge, and spare  
 To interpose them oft is not unwise.

But twilight comes; and the lover of the fireside, for the perfection of the moment, is now alone. He was reading a minute or two ago, and for some time was unconscious of the increasing dusk, till on looking up, he perceived the objects out of doors deepening into massy outline, while the sides of his fireplace began to reflect the light of the flames, and the shadow of himself and his chair fidged with huge obscurity on the wall. Still wishing to read, he pushed himself nearer and nearer to the window, and continued fixed on his book, till he happened to take another glance out of doors, and on returning to it, could make out nothing. He therefore lays it aside, and restoring his chair to the fireplace, seats himself right before it in a reclining posture, his feet apart upon the fender, his eyes bent down towards the grate, his arms on the chair's elbows, one hand hanging down, and the palm of the other turned up and presented to the fire—not to keep it from him, for there is no glare or scorch about it—but to intercept and have a more kindly feel of its genial warmth. It is thus that the greatest and wisest of mankind have sat and meditated; a homely truism perhaps, but such a one as

we are apt enough to forget. We talk of going to Athens or Rome to see the precise objects which the Greeks and Romans beheld, and forget that the Moon, which may be looking upon us at the moment, is the same identical planet that enchanted Homer and Virgil, and that has been contemplated and admired by all the great men and geniuses that have existed : by Socrates and Plato in Athens, by the Antonines in Rome, by the Alfreds, the Hospitals, the Miltons, Newtons, and Shakspeares. In like manner, we are anxious to discover how these great men and poets appeared in common, what habits they loved, in what way they talked and meditated, nay, in what postures they delighted to sit, and whether they indulged in the same tricks and little comforts that we do. Look at Nature and their works, and we shall see that they did, and that when we act naturally and think earnestly, we are reflecting their commonest habits to the life. Thus we have seen Horace talking of his blazing hearth and snug accommodations like the jolliest of our acquaintances ; and thus we may safely imagine, that Milton was in some such attitude as I have described, when he sketched that enchanting little picture, which beats all the cabinet portraits that have been produced ;—

Or if the air will not permit,  
Some still removed place will fit,  
Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the bellman's drowsy charm  
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

—But to attend to our fireside. The evening is beginning to gather in. The window, which presents a large face of watery gray intersected by strong lines, is imperceptibly becoming darker, and as that becomes darker, the fire assumes a more glowing presence. The contemplatist keeps his easy posture, absorbed in his fancies ; and every thing around him is still and serene. The stillness would even ferment in his ear, and whisper, as it were, of what the air contained ; but a minute coil, just sufficient to hinder that busier silence, clicks in the baking coal, while every now and then the light ashes shed themselves below, or a stronger but still a gentle flame flutters up with a gleam over the chimney. At length, the darker objects in the room become mingled ; the gleam of the fire streaks with a restless light the edges of the furniture, and reflects itself in the blackening window ; while his feet take a gentle move on the fender, and then settle again, and his face comes out of the general darkness, earnest even in



indolence, and pale in the very ruddiness of what it looks upon. —This is the only time perhaps at which sheer idleness is salutary and refreshing. How observed with the smallest effort is every trick and aspect of the fire! A coal falling in—a fluttering fume—a miniature mockery of a flash of lightning—nothing escapes the eye and the imagination. Sometimes a little flame appears at the corner of the grate like a quivering spangle; sometimes it swells out at top into a restless and brief lambency; anon it is seen only by a light beneath the grate, or it curls around one of the bars like a tongue, or darts out with a spiral thinness and a sulphureous and continued puffing as from a reed. The glowing coals, meantime, exhibit the shifting forms of hills, and vales, and gulfs, of fiery Alps, whose heat is uninhabitable even by spirit, or of black precipices, from which swart fairies seem about to spring away on sable wings;—then heat and fire are forgotten, and walled towns appear, and figures of unknown animals, and far distant countries scarcely to be reached by human journey;—then coaches, and camels, and barking dogs as large as either, and forms that combine every shape and suggest every fancy;—till at last, the ragged coals tumbling together, reduce the vision to chaos, and the huge profile of a gaunt and grinning face seems to make a jest of all that has passed.—During these creations of the eye, the thought roves about into a hundred abstractions, some of them suggested by the fire—some of them suggested by that suggestion—some of them arising from the general sensation of comfort and composure, contrasted with whatever the world affords of evil, or dignified by high-wrought meditation on whatsoever gives hope to benevolence and inspiration to wisdom. The philosopher at such moments plans his Utopian schemes, and dreams of happy certainties which he cannot prove;—the lover, happier and more certain, fancies his mistress with him, unobserved and confiding, his arm round her waist, her head upon his shoulder, and earth and heaven contained in that sweet possession:—the poet, thoughtful as the one, and ardent as the other, springs off at once above the world, treads every turn of the harmonious spheres, darts up with gleaming wings through the sunshine of a thousand systems, and stops not till he has found a perfect Paradise, whose fields are of young roses, and whose air is music—whose waters are the liquid diamond—whose light is as radiance through crystal—whose dwellings are laurel bowers—whose language is poetry—whose inhabitants are congenial souls—and to enter the very verge of whose atmosphere strikes beauty on the face and felicity on the heart.—Alas, that flights so lofty should ever be connected with earth by threads as slender as they are long, and that the least

twitch of the most common-place hand should be able to snatch down the viewless wanderer to existing comforts!—The entrance of a single candle dissipates at once the twilight and the sunshine; and the ambitious dreamer is summoned to his tea!

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups  
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

Never was snug hour more feelingly commenced!—Cowper was not a *great* poet: his range was neither wide nor lofty; but such as it was, he had it completely to himself; he is the poet of quiet life and familiar observation.—The fire, we see, is now stirred, and becomes very different from the one we have just left: it puts on its liveliest aspect in order to welcome those to whom the tea-table is a point of meeting, and it is the business of the firesider to cherish this aspect for the remainder of the evening. How light and easy the coals look! How ardent is the roominess within the bars! How airily do the volumes of smoke course each other up the chimney, like so many fantastic and indefinite spirits, while the eye in vain endeavours to accompany any one of them! The flames are not so fierce as in the morning, but still they are active and powerful; and if they do not roar up the chimney, they make a constant and playful noise, that is extremely to the purpose. Here they come out at top with a leafy swirl; there they dart up spirally and at once—there they form a lambent assemblage, that shifts about on its own ground, and is continually losing and regaining its vanishing members. I confess I take particular delight in seeing a good blaze at top; and my impatience to produce it will sometimes lead me into great rashness in the article of poking—that is to say, I use the poker at the top instead of the middle of the fire, and go probing it about in search of a flame. A lady of my acquaintance—“near and dear,” as they say in parliament—will tell me of this fault twenty times in a day, and every time so good-humouredly, that it is mere want of generosity in me not to amend it; but somehow or other I do not. The consequence is, that after a momentary ebullition of blaze, the fire becomes dark and sleepy, and is in danger of going out. It is like a boy at school in the hands of a bad master, who thinking him dull, and being impatient to render him brilliant, beats him about the head and ears, till he produces the very evil he would prevent. But on the present occasion I forbear to use the poker:—there is no need of it:—every thing is



comfortable; every thing snug and sufficient. How equable is the warmth around us! How cherishing this rug to one's feet! How complacent the cup at one's lip! What a fine broad light is diffused from the fire over the circle, gleaming in the urn and the polished mahogany, bringing out the white garments of the ladies, and giving a poetic warmth to their face and hair! I need not mention all the good things that are said at tea—still less the gallant. Good-humour never has an audience more disposed to think it wit, nor gallantry an hour of service more blameless and elegant. Ever since tea has been known, its clear and gentle powers of inspiration have been acknowledged, from Waller paying his court at the circle of Catharine of Braganza, to Dr. Johnson receiving homage at the parties of Mrs. Thrale. The former, in his lines upon hearing it “commended by her majesty,” ranks it at once above myrtle and laurel, and her majesty of course agreed with him:—

Venus her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays;  
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.  
The *best of queens*, and best of herbs, we owe  
To that bold nation, which the way did show  
To the fair region, where the son does rise,  
Whose rich productions we so justly prize.  
The Muse's friend, Tea, does our fancy aid,  
Repress those vapours which the head invade,  
And keeps that palace of the soul serene,  
Fit, on her birth-day, to salute the queen.

The eulogies pronounced on his favourite beverage by Dr. Johnson, are too well known to be repeated here; and the commendatory inscription of the Emperor of Kien Long—to a European taste at least—is somewhat too dull, unless his Majesty's tea-pot has been shamefully translated. For my own part, though I have the highest respect, as I have already shown, for this genial drink, which is warm to the cold, and cooling to the warm, I confess, as Montaigne would have said, that I prefer coffee—particularly in my political capacity:

Coffee, that makes the Politician wise  
To see through all things with his half-shut eyes.

There is something in it, I think, more lively and at the same time more substantial. Besides, I never see it but it reminds me of the Turks and their Arabian tales—an association infinitely preferable to any Chinese ideas; and like the king who put his head into the tub, I am transported into distant lands the moment

I dip into the coffee cup—at one minute ranging the valleys with Sindbad, at another encountering the fairies on the wing by moon-light, at a third exploring the haunts of the cursed Maugraby, or rapt into the silence of that delicious solitude from which Prince Agib was carried by the fatal horse. Then if I wish to poetise upon it at home, there is Belinda with her sylphs, drinking it in such a state as nothing but poetry can supply—

For lo! the board with cups and spoons are crown'd,  
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round!  
On shining altars of japan they raise  
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;  
From silver spouts the shining liquors glide,  
And China's Earth receives the smoking tide!  
At once they gratify the scent and taste,  
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.  
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;  
Some, as she sipp'd the fuming liquor, fann'd:  
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,  
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.

It must be acknowledged, however, that the general association of ideas is at present in favour of tea, which on that account has the advantage of suggesting no confinement to particular ranks or modes of life. Let there be but a fireside, and any body, of any denomination, may be fancied enjoying the luxury of a cup of tea, from the duchess in the evening drawing room, who makes it the instrument of displaying her white hand, to the washer-woman at her early tub, who having had nothing to signify since five, sits down to it with her shining arms and corrugated fingers at six. If there is any one station of life in which it is enjoyed to most advantage, it is that of mediocrity—that in which all comfort is reckoned to be best appreciated, because, while there is taste to enjoy, there is necessity to earn the enjoyment; and I cannot conclude the hour before us with a better climax of snugness than is presented in the following pleasing little verses. The author, I believe, is unknown, and may not have been much of a poet in matters of fiction; but who will deny his taste for matters of reality, or say that he has not handled his subject to perfection?

The hearth was clean, the fire was clear,  
The kettle on for tea,  
Palemon in his elbow-chair,  
As blest as man could be.



Clarinda, who his heart possess'd,  
 And was his new-made bride,  
 With head reclin'd upon his breast  
 Sat toying by his side.

Stretch'd at his feet, in happy state,  
 A fav'rite dog was laid,  
 By whom a little sportive cat  
 In wanton humour play'd.

Clarinda's hand he gently press'd;  
 She stole an amorous kiss,  
 And blushing modestly, confess'd  
 The fulness of her bliss.

Palemon, with a heart elate,  
 Pray'd to Almighty Jove,  
 That it might ever be his fate  
 Just so to live and love.

Be this eternity, he cried,  
 And let no more be given;  
 Continue thus my lov'd fireside,  
 I ask no other heaven.

*The Happy Fireside.—Elegant Extracts.*

There are so many modes of spending the remainder of the evening between tea-time and bed-time, (for I protest against all suppers that are not light enough to be taken on the knee,) that a general description would avail me nothing, and I cannot be expected to enter into such a variety of particulars. Suffice it to say, that where the fire is duly appreciated, and the circle good humoured, none of them can be unpleasant, whether the party be large or small, young or old, talkative or contemplative. If there is music, a good fire will be particularly grateful to the performers, who are often seated at the farther end of the room; for it is really shameful that a lady who is charming us all with her voice, or firing us at the harp or piano, with the lightning of her fingers, should at the very moment be trembling with cold. As to cards, which were invented for the solace of a mad prince, and which are only tolerable, in my opinion, when we can be as mad as he was, that is to say, at a round game—I cannot by any means patronize them, as a conscientious firesider: for not to mention all the other objections, the card table is as awkward, in a fireside point of view, as the dinner-table, and is not to be compared with it in sociality. If it be necessary to pay so ill a

compliment to the company as to have recourse to some amusement of the kind, there is chess or draughts, which may be played upon a tablet by the fire ; but nothing is like discourse, freely uttering the fancy as it comes, and varied, perhaps, with a little music, or with the perusal of some favourite passages, which excite the comments of the circle. It is then, if tastes happen to be accordant, and the social voice is frank as well as refined, that the "sweet music of speech" is heard in its best harmony, differing only for apter sweetness, and mingling but for happier participation, while the mutual sense smilingly bends in with every rising measure,

And female stop smoothens the charm o'er all.

This is the finished evening ; this the quickener at once and the calmer of tired thought ; this the spot where our better spirits await to exalt and enliven us, when the daily and vulgar ones have discharged their duty !

Questo è il paradiso,  
Più dolce, che fra l' acque, e fra l' arene  
In ciel son le Sirene.

TASSO, *Rime Amoroſe*.

Here, here is found  
A sweeter paradise of sound,  
Than where the sirens take their summer stands  
Among the breathing waters and glib sands.

Bright fires and joyous faces—and it is no easy thing for philosophy to say good night. But health must be enjoyed, or nothing will be enjoyed ; and the charm should be broken at a reasonable hour. Far be it, however, from a rational firesider not to make exceptions to the rule, when friends have been long asunder, or when some domestic celebration has called them together, or even when hours peculiarly congenial render it difficult to part. At all events, the departure must be a voluntary matter ; and here I cannot help exclaiming against the gross and villanous trick which some people have, when they wish to get rid of their company, of letting their fires go down, and the snuffs of their candles run to seed :—it is paltry and palpable, and argues bad policy as well as breeding, for such of their friends as have a different feeling of things may chance to be disgusted with them altogether, while the careless or unpolite may choose to revenge themselves on the appeal, and face it out gravely till the morning. If a common visiter be inconsiderate enough on an ordinary



occasion to sit beyond all reasonable hour, it must be reckoned as a fatality—as an ignorance of men and things, against which you cannot possibly provide—as a sort of visitation which must be borne with patience, and which is not likely to occur often, if you know whom you invite, and those who are invited know you.—But with an occasional excess of the fireside, what social virtue shall quarrel? A single friend perhaps loiters behind the rest:—you are alone in the house;—you have just got upon a subject delightful to you both; the fire is of a candent brightness; the wind howls out of doors; the rain beats; the cold is piercing! Sit down.——This is a time when the most melancholy temperament may defy the clouds and storms, and even extract from them a pleasure that will take no substance by daylight. The ghost of his happiness sits by him, and puts on the likeness of former hours;—and if such a man can be made comfortable by the moment, what enjoyment may it not furnish to an unclouded spirit? If the excess belong not to vice, temperance does not forbid it when it only grows out of occasion. The great poet whom I have quoted so often for the fireside, and who will enjoy it with us to the last, was like the rest of our great poets, an ardent recommender of temperance in all its branches; but though he practised what he preached, he could take his night out of the hands of sleep as well as the most entrenching of us. To pass over, as foreign to our subject in point of place, his noble wish that he might “*oft* outwatch the bear, with what a wrapped-up recollection of snugness, in the elegy on his friend Diodati, does he describe the fireside enjoyment of a winter’s night?

Pectora cui credam? Quis me lenire docebit  
Mordaces curas? Quis longam fallere noctem  
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni  
Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus Auster  
Miscet cuncta foris et desuper intonat ulmo?

In whom shall I confide? Whose counsel find  
A balmy medicine for my troubled mind?  
Or whose discourse, with innocent delight,  
Shall fill me now, and cheat the wintry night,  
When hisses on my hearth the pulpy pear,  
And black’ning chesnuts start and crackle there,  
While storms abroad the dreary meadows overwhelm,  
And the wind thunders through the neighb’ring elm?

COWPER’S Translation.

Even when left alone, there is sometimes a charm in watching out the decaying fire—in getting closer and closer to it with

tilted chair and knees against the bars, and letting the whole multitude of fancies, that work in the night silence, come whispering about the yielding faculties. The world around is silent; and for a moment the very cares of day seem to have gone with it to sleep, leaving you to snatch a waking sense of disenthralment, and to commune with a thousand airy visitants that come to play with innocent thoughts. Then, for imagination's sake, not for superstition's, are recalled the stories of the Secret World and the midnight pranks of fairyism. The fancy roams out of doors after rustics led astray by the Jack-o-lantern, or minute laughings heard upon the wind, or the night-spirit on his horse that comes flouncing through the air on his way to a surfeited citizen, or the tiny morris-dance that springs up in the watery glimpses of the moon;—or keeping at home, it finds a spirit in every room peeping at it as it opens the door, while a cry is heard from up stairs announcing the azure marks inflicted by

The nips of fairies upon maids' white hips,

or hearing a snoring from below, it tiptoes down into the kitchen and beholds where

——Lies him down the lubber fiend,  
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength.

Presently the whole band of fairies, ancient and modern—the dæmons, sylphs, gnomes, sprites, elves, peries, genii, and above all, the fairies of the fireside, the salamanders, lob-lie-by-the-fires, lars, lemures, and larvæ, come flitting between the fancy's eye and the dying coals, some with their weapons and lights, others with grave steadfastness on book or dish, others of the softer kind with their arch looks and their conscious pretence of attitude, while a minute music tinkles in the ear, and Oberon gives his gentle order:—

Through this house in glimmering light  
By the dead and drowsy fire,  
Every elf and fairy sprite  
Hop as light as bird from briar;  
And this ditty, after me,  
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Anon, the whole is vanished, and the dreamer, turning his eye down aside, almost looks for a laughing sprite, gazing at him from a tiny chair, and minicking his face and attitude.—Idle fan-



cies these, and incomprehensible to minds clogged with every-day earthliness—but not useless, either as an exercise of the invention, or even as adding consciousness to the range and destiny of the soul. They will occupy us too, and steal us away from ourselves, when other recollections fail us or grow painful—when friends are found selfish, or better friends can but commiserate, or when the world has nothing in it to compare with what we have missed out of it. They may even lead us to higher and more solemn meditation, till we work up our way beyond the clinging and heavy atmosphere of this earthly sojourn, and look abroad upon the light that knows neither blemish nor bound, while our ears are saluted at that egress by the harmony of the skies, and our eyes behold the lost and congenial spirits that we have loved, hastening to welcome us with their sparkling eyes and their curls that are ripe with sunshine.

But earth recalls us again;—the last flame is out;—the fading embers tinkle with a gaping dreariness; and the chill reminds us where we should be.—Another gaze on the hearth that has so cheered us, and the last, lingering action is to wind up the watch for the next day.—Upon how many anxieties shall the finger of that brief chronicler strike—and upon how many comforts too! —To-morrow our fire shall be trimmed anew; and so, gentle reader, good night:—may the weariness I have caused you make sleep the pleasanter!

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull tears,  
 Be heard all night within, nor yet without;  
 Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,  
 Break gentle sleep with misconceived doubt.  
 Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful sights  
 Make sudden, sad affrights,  
 Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sence we see not,  
 Eray us with things that be not;  
 But let still silence true night-watches keep,  
 That sacred Peace may in assurance reigne,  
 And timely Sleep, since it is time to sleep,  
 May pour his limbs forth on your pleasant plaine.

SPENCER'S *Epithalamion*.

## MONKS OF LA TRAPPE IN ENGLAND.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine.]

THE Monastery of La Trappe lies between Lulworth Castle and the sea-coast, but secured from storms, and sheltered on all sides; the building stands in a bottom; the scenery about it is enriched with plantations. Soon after the commencement of the French revolution, when the religious of all kinds were obliged to seek this country for protection, some monks of La Trappe found an asylum at Mr. Weld's; and, as they increased in number, he erected the present building (under the sanction of government) for their habitation, which may, with strict propriety, assume the name of a convent. This monastery is of a quadrangular shape, with a schilling in the inside, forming the cloisters, and the area a depository for the dead. We observed seven graves, to some of which were added a wooden cross, either at the head or feet: the living may be said to reside with the dead, and that they may be continually reminded of their mortal state, a grave is always left open for the reception of the next that dies. The cloisters are used for air and exercise in bad weather, having a large cistern at one end for the monks to wash. The entrance to the monastery is on the west side, near the Porter's Lodge, under a long narrow building, which serves for offices of the meaner kind. The porter who received us was dressed in the habit of a convent-brother, wearing a long brown robe of coarse cloth, and a cowl of the same colour over his head, a leathern girdle encircled his waist, from which suspended his keys; he spoke to us in a whisper, and desired us to be silent. As we passed through the first court, we fancied ourselves in former days, when the monastic orders flourished; and strange and unusual seemed the appearance of the monks, in the full habit of their order, gliding along, intent on meditation, or employed in manual labour, but not a word spoken. From the court we came to an entrance room, on the walls of which were seen figures of saints, a crucifix on a bleeding heart, and other objects of devotion; thence to the cloisters are several crucifixes on the walls, to excite adoration. We then entered the chapel, which is not splendid, nor highly decorated, but elegantly neat, the altar having a crucifix on its summit, with the paintings of the Virgin and Child, and of patron saints; on each side are stalls for the monks, with their names inscribed, and in each stall a large old missal on vellum, guarded at the corners and sides, and large clasps; a lamp burning perpetually



during the presence of the Eucharist; the roodloft contains the organ. Opposite to the chapel are private oratories, embellished, as usual, with paintings of a religious kind, crucifixes, the Virgin and Child, and a whole length of Armand Jean Bouthillier de Rancé, who was abbot and reformer of the order. From another part of the cloisters we entered the chapter-house, whither the monks retire after their meal is over, not to beguile away their time in trifling conversation, but in reading religious books, saying vespers and other evening prayers, and in public self-accusation; the walls of this room are covered with religious prints; and at the entrance hung up a board with pegs, on which were suspended bits of wood, inscribed with the names of all the monks that had been and are now in the convent, P. Dionysius, P. Hyacinthus, P. Julianus, P. Barnardus, P. Martinus, P. Matthæus, P. Pius, and others, to the number of eighty-six: on another board was inscribed a list of the different offices of the church for the day, and the names of such of the fathers as officiated set opposite; below it an exhortation in Latin and French, pointing out the advantages of devotion, and the importance of self-denial. We were next shown the refectory, a very long room, containing a wooden bench, extending on each side; upon the tables were placed a wooden trencher, bowl, and spoon, with a napkin for each monk, and the name of each inscribed over his seat; at the upper end sat the prior, distinguished from the rest of the convent only by his pastoral staff; during the repast the lecturer delivers a discourse to the poor monks. The dormitory next attracted our notice, which extends the whole length of the building, and on each side are ranged the cells of the monks, in which they recline themselves, on wood, with one blanket and a coarse rug; a window at each end to ventilate and air the room, which is dark and gloomy; a clock is stationed at one end, near the entrance, to warn the monks of the hour of matins; and the cells ranged together on each side, like so many caves of death, must unavoidably inspire melancholy reflections. Below is the vestment-room, where the vestments of the choir-brothers are hung up, with the name of each inscribed. The domestic offices surround the monastery; and contiguous is the poultry-yard, cattle-range, and rick-yard. The ground attached to the monastery contains about one hundred acres, which is cultivated by the monks, with the assistance of a carter and his boy. The community rise at one o'clock in the morning, winter and summer: the choir brothers then begin their devotions, and continue in the chapel till nine o'clock, when each goes to some manual labour, in the garden, on the roads, or on the grounds, till eleven, when there is a short service, which lasts about half an hour, then to labour again, till half past one, when they return to prayers for half an hour, and are then summoned to their frugal

meal ; after this meal is over (the only one which they have during the four-and-twenty hours) they return thanks to God, and adjourn to the chapter-room, where they continue to read or meditate till their day is nearly over, when they once more to prayers, and retire to their dormitories about eight o'clock, having spent the whole day in abstinence, mortification, labour, silence, and prayer ; and every succeeding day, like the former, continually hastening them to the grave that is open. The severity of this rigid order requires no common devotees ; perpetual silence restrains them in the greatest enjoyment of life ; perpetual abstinence, mortification and penance, poverty and prayer, seem more than human nature is capable of undergoing ; and unless the minds of the religious were buoyed up by the fervour of their devotions, they could not keep themselves alive ; they abstain wholly from meat, fish, and fowl ; and, during Lent, from butter, milk, eggs, and cheese : but they seem perfectly content. The monks observe perpetual silence, scarcely even look at each other, and never speak but to their prior, and only on urgent occasions ; they never wander from their convent without permission of their superior, but go each morning cheerfully to such work as they are directed to perform. As we passed these poor, humble, unoffending monks at their work, they received us with courtesy and humility, but never spoke. The most perfect silence and tranquillity reigned throughout this little vale, with nothing to interrupt it but the convent bell, and the dashing of the waves on the shore : even the winds of heaven are restrained from visiting this place too roughly, for the Down protects it from their fury.

FATHER PAUL.



## POETRY.

### DEFENCE OF FORT M'HENRY.

[These lines have been already published in several of our newspapers; they may still, however, be new to many of our readers. Besides, we think that their merit entitles them to preservation in some more permanent form than the columns of a daily paper. The annexed song was composed under the following circumstances.—A gentleman had left Baltimore, in a flag of truce for the purpose of getting released from the British fleet a friend of his who had been captured at Marlborough. He went as far as the mouth of the Patuxent, and was not permitted to return lest the intended attack on Baltimore should be disclosed. He was, therefore, brought up the bay to the mouth of the Patapsco, where the flag vessel was kept under the guns of a frigate, and he was compelled to witness the bombardment of Fort M'Henry, which the Admiral had boasted that he would carry in a few hours, and that the city must fall. He watched the flag at the fort through the whole day with an anxiety that can be better felt than described, until the night prevented him from seeing it. In the night he watched the bombshells, and at early dawn his eye was again greeted by the proudly-waving flag of his country.]

*Tune—ANACREON IN HEAVEN.*

O! say can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?  
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there—  
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream—  
'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion  
A home and a country should leave us no more?  
Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot-steps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave,  
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;  
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
 Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation,  
 Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land  
 Praise the power that hath made and preserv'd us a nation!  
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
 And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"  
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

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[*For the Analectic Magazine.*]

### LINES

ADDRESSED TO A FIREFLY.

Haste, thy flowery covert leave,  
 Fairy sentinel of eve,  
 Haste, and gem with sparklets bright  
 The dark and shadowy robe of night;  
 Hither wing thy airy way,  
 That I may 'spy thy tiny ray,  
 Its radiant light reflected view  
 From ev'ry pendant drop of dew,  
 And mark the lustre that it throws  
 O'er the moist petals of the rose;  
 Quickly come, ere Dian pale  
 With silvery mantle decks the vale,  
 And thy bright beam is lost, amid  
 The splendours, now by darkness hid.

RUTH.



## DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*Rev. Dr. Smith's Work on Psalmody.* 12mo. New-York. pp. 297. This is a very curious and entertaining work. Its object is to vindicate the practice of chanting, and to assert its superiority over the ordinary isochronous metre psalmody. These positions the author defends with great zeal, warmth, and ability, and with no inconsiderable share of learning. His style is exceedingly florid and animated, and occasionally rises into the boldest apostrophes and personifications. Though we took up the book with some prejudices against his side of the question, we confess that our objections were fairly swept away by the torrent of learning, argument, and imagination, which the learned author pours forth most copiously, in favour of this primitive mode of devotion; and, excepting that he treats the venerable semi-ecclesiastical order of parish clerks with much less reverence than we have, from our childhood, been accustomed to entertain for them, we are willing to subscribe, *toto animo*, to all his doctrines.

In this cold-blooded age, it is so refreshing to meet with a writer who engages with his whole heart and soul in any cause whatever, that we feel no disposition to cavil at any of Dr. Smith's assertions; though the musical churchman may be a little staggered by his bold denunciation of voluntaries; and, on the other hand, our puritan brethren may, perhaps, be inclined to doubt whether it is so perfectly clear that the angels have no other employment than chanting prose psalms.

We were not a little amused by the wonderful variety of metaphor and illustration with which the learned doctor has contrived to decorate his favourite subject. We have no room for long extracts, but we cannot refrain from giving one short specimen, of which our readers must certainly allow the ingenuity, even should they be inclined to doubt the originality of this mode of argument. In comparing the mechanical and unisonous chime of rhyming metre with the unfettered melody of chanted prose, he observes, that "were a person on horseback to ride a day's journey uniformly in a walk, (in musical language in spondees,) or in a trot, (in proceleusmatics,) or in a canter, (in dactyls,) he would be more fatigued at night than if he had used all those movements occasionally diversified," &c. &c.

We hinted that we a little doubted the originality of this mode of illustration; for we are inclined to suspect that it is borrowed from the system of the ever-to-be-remembered Cornelius Scriblerus, who is said, in the education of his son, to have used marbles to teach him the laws of motion, nut-crackers, to explain the lever, whirligigs, the *axis in peritrochio*, tops, the centrifugal motion, and bobcherry to instruct him in the first principles of moral philosophy. But to conclude, we beg leave to recommend this publication to the musical, the literary, and the ecclesiastical world, as the work of an enthusiastic and scientific cultivator of church music, a scholar of extensive reading and curious research, a divine deeply skilled in all rubrical observances, and as orthodox in his opinions as he is in his taste.

Mr. Samuel Henry, of New-York, practitioner of medicine, has lately published, in one volume royal 8vo. "An American Family Medical Herbal." The author professes to give, in this work, the result of thirty years' experience in medical botany: and to detail the healing virtues of a

great variety of plants indigenous to the United States, many of which are altogether unknown to the pharmacopia of the regular physician. The author is evidently an unlettered man; the scientific names which he professes to give are often grossly misspelt, or erroneous, and it will be readily anticipated that many of his nostrums and specifics are at least of doubtful authority.

At the same time he appears well acquainted with most of our native herbs and their simpler applications in medicine, and though we would most certainly be cautious of recommending the book as a family herbal, yet we should think that, in the hands of a scientific botanist, or an enlightened practitioner, it might be of great use. There can be no doubt that the powers of the healing art may be vastly extended by a more intimate acquaintance with

———"the power which lies  
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities;"

and it is the province of true philosophy to make the observations of the unlettered, as well as the researches of the scholar, alike tributary to the happiness and well-being of man.

Johnson and Warner, Philadelphia, have lately published "The American Artist's Manual, or Dictionary of Practical Knowledge," by James Cutbush, in two thick and closely-printed octavo volumes. This work is arranged alphabetically, on the plan of the Domestic Encyclopædia, and similar works, and consists of a copious and well-digested selection from various European scientific works, of such descriptions of chemical and mechanical processes, and other applications of philosophy, to the useful arts, as were thought adapted to the present state of the arts in this country. These are interspersed with several valuable original articles, chiefly relating to practical chemistry; and the whole is illustrated by appropriate engravings. The reader will readily perceive that this is not a work whose merits can be judged of by a hasty inspection. Its object is utility, and its value can only be tested by frequent reference and use. It appears, however, to us, extremely well calculated for its purpose. The author has throughout preferred practical utility to the parade of science. This is a disposition which we are always prepared to applaud. Science is most honourably, when she is most usefully, employed; and is equally in her own proper element when analyzing the diamond with Davy, and when descending, with humble industry, to the assistance of the manufacturer at his loom, or the dyer over his vat.

In turning over the volumes, we observed some unsatisfactory references, backward and forward, ending in nothing, as "*Brunswick-Green—see Colour-making.*" "*Colour-making—see Brunswick Green.*" This is the crying sin of all encyclopædias and scientific dictionaries, the very *opprobrium cyclopædiarum*, and we do not wonder that Dr. Cutbush has not wholly escaped it. We trust that a second edition will enable him to correct this and every other error.

H. C. Southwick, of Albany, has issued proposals for printing, by subscription, in one volume, 8vo. a translation of Machiavel's Art of War. M. Genet, in a recommendation of the work, accompanying the proposals, mentions the very curious fact, which, says he, I had from the lips of my late illustrious friend General Moreau, "that Bonaparte made this work his constant companion, and so important did he think it, that he actually had it by heart."



The Washington and Georgetown booksellers advertise a new pamphlet, under the title of "A Narrative of the Battle of Bladensburgh," by an officer of General Smith's staff. This may be very interesting to those whose personal character is in any way implicated in the events of that action, but for ourselves we have no wish to inquire into the particulars of this unfortunate and disgraceful affair.

O, for one hour of Gaines's might,  
Or well-skilled Scott, to rule the fight,  
And cry, Our country and our right.  
Another sight had seen that day,  
That foul disgrace been far away,  
And Bladensburgh been Chippewa.\*

There will shortly be published a work, entitled "*A Digest of the Law of Maritime Captures and Prizes*," by Henry Wheaton, counsellor at law.

In the first chapter of this work will be considered, the mode of commencing war; and in whom vests the right to prizes made before the declaration of war, and by non-commissioned captors.

In the second chapter will be shown, who may make captures. The nature of letters of marque and reprisal will be explained; how obtained, and how forfeited. Under what circumstances captures are invalid, such as those made within a neutral jurisdiction, &c. What things are exempt from capture.

In the third chapter will be considered, enemy's property as a legal object of capture; 1. Enemy's vessels and the goods therein; 2. Enemy's goods in neutral vessels; and in what cases freight is payable to the neutral carrier; 3. Of the effect of liens claimed by neutrals, or the subjects of the belligerent state, upon enemy's property; 4. Of the effect of transfers of enemy's property *in transitu*; 5. Of spoliation of papers; 6. Of resistance to visitation and search.

In the fourth chapter will be considered, the property of persons resident, or having possessions, in the enemy's country, as a legal object of capture.

In the fifth chapter will be examined, the liability to capture of property sailing under the flag and pass or license of the enemy.

In the sixth chapter will be considered, neutral property as a legal object of capture; 1. As contraband of war; 2. For breach of blockade; 3. Carrying military persons or despatches in the service of the enemy.

In the seventh chapter will be considered, as legal objects of capture, 1. The property of the citizens or subjects of the belligerent state when engaged in commerce with the enemy; 2. In a commerce prohibited by the municipal law of the belligerent state; 3. The property of the subjects of an ally of the belligerent state, taken in a course of trade forbidden by the express or implied terms of the alliance.

The eighth chapter will be devoted to the consideration of the questions arising from ransoms, recaptures, and claims for salvage.

In the ninth chapter the nature of the jurisdiction of prize-courts will be examined, the legal effects of their judgments considered, and their process and practice explained.

In the tenth chapter will be considered the effect of a suspension of hostilities, and of the conclusion of peace, upon questions of prize.

A copious appendix will be added, containing the forms used in prize proceedings.

\* See the battle of Floddenfield, in Marmion.

## FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Seppins, of the Royal Society, has described his new system of ship-building. He observes that notwithstanding the rapid progress in all the arts and sciences, no improvement in naval architecture has taken place during many years. In order to make the simple but great improvement which he has introduced more intelligible, he begins by describing the old structure of ships, of their keel and ribs or timbers placed at right angles, and the bottom and decks composed of parallel planks. According to the new construction, on which three ships have already been built, and four more are building, the timbers are crossed with diagonal girders at angles of 45, so that the whole frame is rendered much stiffer or more inflexible, and all parts of the structure made to bear their due portion of the pressure at the same time. The first advantage of this plan is the prevention of what is called *hogging*, or having the centre to become convex on the upper, and concave on the lower side. Mr. Seppins fills up the space between the timbers with pieces of wood taken from old ships, made in the form of wedges, which are reversed, driven intight, paid with tar, and made impervious to water, so that should an outer plank start, the vessel will be in no danger of sinking, as in the old system. This method not only adds greatly to the stiffness and strength of the vessel, but also prevents the timbers and flooring from becoming a prey to the rot, occasioned by moisture and stagnant air. Mr. S. exposes the notion of ships being elastic, and contends that they are stronger and better in proportion as they are non-elastic, and capable of resisting pressure in whatever direction it may be applied. Considerable advantage he also considers must attend his plan, from the superior stiffness and strength of the decks, composed of framework with diagonal binders, so that the deck, instead of being a series of parallel boards, having very little connexion with each other, and susceptible of being detached in any emergency, will present a continuous mass of timber, having its grain placed in all directions best adapted to make the greatest possible resistance to any external force. There are many other minor improvements in this new method, such as obviating the necessity of much iron work, so that no extra weight is occasioned by the filling up between the timbers; less ballast is required; much old ship timber can be used with advantage; and lastly, in the construction of a 74 gun ship, 178 trees, of 50 feet each, are saved.

Sir H. Davy having conjectured, in his third Bakerian Lecture, that the diamond owes its peculiar characters to a small portion of oxygen, has availed himself of an opportunity, while at Florence, to operate on this substance with a very powerful lens and the concentrated rays of the sun, instead of the Voltaic pile. He made a variety of experiments on the combustion of small diamonds laid in a platina cup and placed in a glass globe, through which the solar rays were made to pass and burn the diamonds; but in none of them was there any oxygen evolved: whence he was induced to abandon the idea of oxygen forming any part of the diamond. He next directed his attention to ascertain whether, according to the opinion of Guyton Morveau, hydrogen or water might not exist in diamond; but the result was similar, no trace of either appearing. Moisture, indeed, in his first experiments was discovered; but it was entirely owing to an imperfection in the apparatus, which was afterwards remedied. Charcoal was then submitted to similar experiments, and emitted some hydrogen.



Hence Sir H. concludes that diamond is perfectly pure carbon, and that its hardness and transparency are derived from its crystallization, and not from the admixture of any other elementary body.

Mr. Sotheby will soon publish a volume containing five tragedies, entitled, the Death of Darnley, Ivan, Zamorin and Zama, the Confession, and Orestes.

A very important work is in the press, and will be speedily published, from the pen of Mr. Colquhoun, on the population, wealth, power, and resources of the British Empire—in one volume 4to: a body of more valuable information and interesting facts than has, perhaps, ever been disclosed to the public in so short a compass, and in which will be found detailed the value of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of all the Colonies, Dependencies, and Settlements in Europe, America, Africa, and Asia, including the Territory under the management of the East-India Company. The whole illustrated by copious statistical tables, constructed on a new and comprehensive plan, so as to be intelligible to the meanest capacity.

Early in June was published an Introduction to the Study of Bibliography, to which is prefixed a Memoir on the public Libraries of the Ancients, by Mr. Thomas Hartwell Horne. This work embraces a general view of the different subjects connected with the Study of Bibliography, the materials used for books in different ages of the world, the origin and progress of writing and printing, the mechanism of the art; the knowledge of books, their relative values and scarcity, choice and classification of books for children, &c. &c., together with a copious notice of the principal Authors who have treated on Bibliography, and accounts of the chief modern public, and private Libraries.

M. Baptist Lendi, of St. Gall, has invented a new hygrometer, of which the following description is given—In a white flint bottle is suspended a piece of metal, about the size of a hazel nut, which not only looks extremely beautiful, and thus contributes to the ornament of a room, but likewise predicts every possible change of weather 12 or 14 hours before it occurs. As soon as the metal is suspended in the bottle with water, it begins to increase in bulk, and in 10 or 12 days forms an admirable pyramid, which resembles polished brass; and it undergoes several changes, till it has attained its full dimensions. In rainy weather this pyramid is constantly covered with pearly drops of water; in case of thunder or hail, it will change to the finest red, and throw out rays: in case of wind or fog, it will appear dull and spotted; and previously to snow it will look quite muddy. If placed in a moderate temperature, it will require no other trouble than to pour out a common tumbler full of water, and to put in the same quantity of fresh. For the first few days it must not be shaken.

At a late meeting of the Gloucester Severn Association, a gentleman exhibited the following statement of the benefits likely to accrue from the effectual preservation of the Salmon Fisheries in the Severn. He had carefully ascertained the number of eggs in the roe of a salmon, weight 7lb.; they amounted to 11,350; supposing each egg to yield a fish of one pound, the quantity of food thus produced would equal five tons; the same number at ten pounds would give fifty tons; and 100 spawners of the same weight would give no less than 5000 tons. A quantity of human food equal to the produce of 10,000 acres of wheat, at twenty bushels per acre, when converted into flour at the rate of 56lbs. per bushel.

## OBITUARY.

### DIED,

At Tokat, Persia, on his return to England, the Rev. Henry Martyn, D. B. fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. This distinguished scholar took his Bachelor's degree in 1801, then under the age of 20, and attained the high honour of Senior Wrangler. His classical, as well as mathematical attainments, were very considerable. But he also possessed still higher attainments—those of genuine piety and active benevolence. Under the influence of zeal for the best interests of mankind, he embarked for India as Chaplain to the Company, in the summer of 1805, and at the several stations assigned to him, devoted himself so diligently to some of the languages of the East, that he superintended translations of the New Testament into the Persian and Hindostanee languages; and, with the assistance of Sabat, a learned Arabian of rank, and a convert from Mahometanism, made considerable progress in an Arabic translation. With a view to render the Persian translation more perfect, he made an arduous journey to Shiraz, where he resided for some time. For a similar purpose he resolved to visit Bagdad; but being compelled to take a circuitous route by Tebriz, near the Caspian Sea, his health, which had long materially suffered, became at that place so impaired, that he resolved to return by Constantinople to his native country. On reaching Tokat, about 600 miles from Tebriz, and 250 from Constantinople, he found himself unable to proceed further; and, on the 16th of October last, it pleased an all-wise Providence to terminate his important labours. Thus, at the early age of 31, the Church of England has lost a distinguished ornament, and the British and Foreign Bible Society a most valuable associate.

At Paris, at a very advanced age, H. Larcher, the translator of Herodotus, and patriarch of French literature.

*Mr. Wm. Browne, the celebrated traveller.*—It is with the greatest concern that we have to announce to the public the death of this most enterprising traveller. The same thirst after knowledge which originally urged him to follow the Nile to its distant source, the same undaunted spirit which supported him during a long captivity in Darfour, lately prompted him to undertake a journey to the Caspian sea, whence it was his intention to have advanced to Samarcand and Bochara, and that tract of country which we are accustomed to call Tartary. He had proceeded as far as Tebriz, but the barbarous hand of assassins prevented the further execution of his project. Shortly after leaving that place, in July last, in company with two servants, he was attacked by a party of robbers, who allowed his attendants to escape, but as it was unfortunately known that Mr. Browne was in possession of some gold, he was secreted by these villains, and no news could afterwards be heard of him till some days had passed, when his body was found near the road, so shockingly mangled as to leave no doubt about the cause of his most untimely end. His particular friends must be too much grieved for the loss of such talents and such virtues as Mr. Browne most certainly possessed; to receive any consolation which we might be disposed to offer. The literary world will, however, derive some comparative satisfaction in knowing, that the valuable information he collected, during his travels in Anatolia and Persia, had, owing to the dangers which invariably attend all Europeans in those countries, been consigned from time to time into the hands of confidential persons.